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OF WESTERN

the Nicest thing About CHRISTMAS (drawings by children)

Give Our Surplus Grain To Needy Countries? (a Powwow)

Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families December 1960

To give special meaning

NEW MAN-MADE stars have appeared in the ageless firmament, but the rugged Palestinian countryside between Jerusalem and Bethlehem has changed little in 20 centuries. From Old Jerusalem a rocky, serpentine road winds from valley to valley through steep hills as it nears the place where the Christmas star first shone. Bethlehem, today a city of 19,155, lies on the Jordanian side of the uneasy truce line which separates Jewish and Arab portions of this troubled land. Yet, despite tensions built by nascent nationalism, each Christmas season brings a flood of Christian pilgrims. Last year, 20,000 jammed buses and rented cars for the trip from Jerusalem.

For an imaginative Methodist district superintendent and his wife, however, making so sacred a pilgrimage on wheels would have been to miss much of its significance. The Rev. and Mrs. Ira B. Allen of Detroit Lakes, Minn., decided the only suitable transportation for them was that which Mary and Joseph used when they entered the City of David on a chill evening nearly 2,000 years ago.

Starting at 8 a.m. on December 24, with a burro rented at $1.40 for the day, the Allens spent a leisurely seven hours on the 11-mile trek. An ardent cameraman, Mr. Allen found many subjects for his lens—twisted olive trees, for example, and shepherds garbed in the style of Jesus' own day tending roadside flocks. Once he was halted by a Jordanian officer who demanded his film—until the Minnesota preacher's diplomatic arguments finally persuaded the policeman to reverse his stand.

Then, in the fading light of late afternoon, the travelers came upon the ancient city of Bethlehem astride the spine of a ridge. They arrived in time to attend the traditional Protestant worship service that evening at the Field of the Shepherds outside the city. Mr. Allen assisted by leading a portion of the service in English. Some 5,000 worshipers sang familiar carols in the lowering darkness, then shared a simple meal prepared by shepherds in a nearby cave. It was a perfect climax to a day the Minnesotans always will recall as a peak religious experience.

Jerusalem to Bethlehem on Christmas Eve

nd visit, a Minnesota couple planned this burro-back pilgrimage to the city of Jesus' birth.

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Together / SAN FRANCISCO Area *NEWS* Edition

DECEMBER, 1960

ene from the living Christmas pageant be staged outdoors on Oakland's busy rk Blvd. at 13th Ave., by members of Stephens Church. The pastor, the v. Douglas Henderson, has pioneered nilar community projects at other churches. The St. Stephen's performers will present their pantomime at 20-minute intervals from 7 to 9 p.m., December 19-24. Recorded dialogue and music will be heard by via loudspeaker. The tape will also synchronize back-stage instructions.

lame Dr. Elliott Fisher lational Board Secretary

Dr. Elliott L. Fisher of San Jose, has en elected general secretary of The ethodist Church's national Commission Promotion and Cultivation, it was nounced by Bishop Donald H. Tippett. Dean of the bishop's cabinet of district perintendents, Dr. Fisher is completing six-year term as superintendent of the n Jose District. He will begin his new ork January 1 at the commission's national headquarters Chicago, succeeding Dr. E. Harold ohn who will re- e at that time. shop William C. artin of Dallas, exas, president of e commission, re- rted Dr. Fisher as the unanimous oice of its members and was ected to serve a ur-year term.

Dr. Fisher

A Californian, Dr. Fisher has had evious experience in national Methodist ministrative posts. For nine years beginning in 1945 he was on the staff of e Division of National Missions, first as perintendent of its department of town d country work and later as executive cretary of the section on home missions. Born in Alameda, Dr. Fisher studied San Jose State College and the College the Pacific. His theological training as at Pacific School of Religion, Berkeley, and Kimball School of Theology, Salem, Oregon. C.O.P. conferred his Doctor of Divinity degree in 1946.

Dr. Fisher has served several Methodist pastorates, all in California: Greenville, Twentieth Street Church of San Jose, Tracy, Willow Glen in San Jose, Marysville, and Clarksburg. He is a former superintendent of the Sacramento-Nevada District of the Church, and has been chairman of the Commission on Town and Country for the interdenominational Northern California-Nevada Council of Churches.

The churchman has twice been an official delegate to Methodism's worldwide, quadrennial General Conference, at Minneapolis in 1956 and at Denver in 1960. Three times he has been a delegate to the Western Jurisdiction Conference, in 1952, 1956 and 1960. He is now a delegate to the National Council of Churches and a member of the World Council of Methodism.

A former member of the Western Farm Economics Association and the Rural Sociological Society, the administrator is a contributor to the book *Town and Country Pulpit,* a collection of sermons by rural ministers. His articles in rural church administration have been published in *World Outlook, The Christian Advocate,* and TOGETHER magazine.

Dr. Fisher is a trustee of the College of the Pacific, Pacific School of Religion, Hawaii-Pacific Home in Honolulu, and Forest Hills Manor in Pacific Grove.

Mrs. Fisher is the former Margaret S. Darraugh. They have three sons and a daughter.

Says Church Must Keep Pace in Changing World

"In a world of rapid change the church must move farther and faster if it is to perform any redeeming function."

Dr. Harvey Siefert of the Southern California School of Theology posed this challenge before 150 ministers and laymen from ten states—Methodism's Western Jurisdiction—assembled in Hollywood for a briefing conference on social issues. Representing Annual Conference boards from throughout the jurisdiction, the delegates learned the basic outlines of the new Board of Christian Social Concerns, a unification of three former boards of the church: social and economic relations, temperance, and world peace. The conference was one among five conducted across the nation by the new general board.

But the real dynamics of the three-day Hollywood session were in the lectures and discussions which probed to the heart of the church's responsibility in social ethics and action. Continued Dr. Seifert, "Timid leadership often lags behind readiness of dedicated membership. There is no possibility of progress without trouble and tension. The church should not expect to be exempt. . . . If the church is to perform its function it must . . . give leadership at the cutting edge of human affairs. . . . We also need new departures in the involvement of laity. . . . Much of the witness of the church can only be made by laymen working within the world but wholesomely skeptical of its standards."

The Rev. Dillon W. Throckmorton of Modesto, director of the Heifer Project, was program chairman, and 20 other California-Nevada Conference leaders and board members were delegates and participants. Bishop Donald H. Tippett presented a principal address on *Church and State Relations.* The Rev. Robert W. Moon, minister of First Church, Fresno, chairman of the Conference Board of Christian Social Concerns, was a featured dinner speaker.

Speakers and resource leaders made many provocative and revealing comments on social issues which they believe ought to be among concerns of the church. The following are quotes winnowed by reporters who covered the sessions.

World Peace

"Piety is no substitute for social action," declared Dr. Daniel E. Taylor, minister of the Rose City Park Methodist Church, Portland. "One sand bucket of strontium 90 destroys all breathing life on earth—one tumblerful poisons all water drunk by all mankind in a year. . . . In Russia, peace is too often a slogan. In the United

States, peace is too often a sentiment. Neither attitude is rugged enough for present times." He commended White House action early in September setting up the nucleus of a disarmament commission, calling it "the first attempt to gain real continuity in U. S. peacemaking machinery."

Calling for the church to lead out in more serious and creative discussion of international relationships, Dr. Seifert said, "So-called bipartisanship in foreign affairs has often been a disguise for sterility in ideas. We dare not stifle vigorous discussion of significantly novel alternatives. Such a stiffening of our democratic reflexes into paralyzed poses is an invitation to a knockout blow."

Religion in Politics

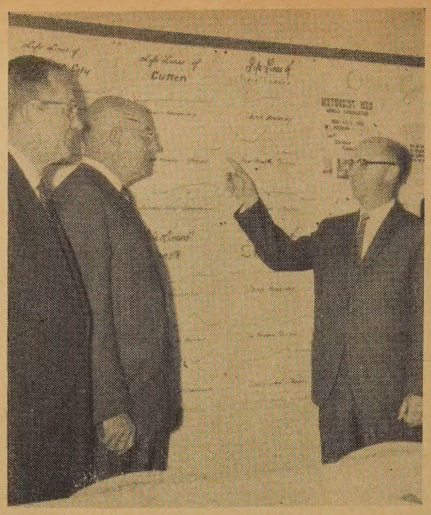
Dr. Gene Carter, superintendent of the Bay View District, observed, "The fact that Senator Kennedy is a Catholic says nothing to me. I want to know what kind of Catholic he is, what position he holds in the church, just as I want to know the same things about Vice-President Nixon." Bishop Tippett told newsmen he thought Senator Kennedy had made his position perfectly clear and added, "If I were his campaign manager I would suggest he stop bringing up the matter at every opportunity."

Gambling

The Rev. Moon proposed that The Methodist Church initiate a full-fledged counter-advertising campaign to protect people from gambling interests. "We might erect well-spotted billboards pointing out that if you gamble regularly it will cost you $10 to 'win' $7.50 from a slot machine . . . $10 to 'win' $2.50 at roulette, and $10 to 'win' $1 in a football pool." He told the conference that fifty million Americans gamble twenty billion dollars annually. "About five million are addicts and belong in the hands of professional counselors. . . . The trouble is we do not see very clearly how gambling corrupts individuals and governments. Too, our Christian church moves into the battle with unclean hands. Even Protestant churches have at times raised money by gambling devices."

Motion Pictures

A Protestant film executive told the delegates that "The overpowering desire for the fast-buck on the part of many picture producers, and recent U. S. Supreme Court decisions, are chiefly responsible for a rash of motion pictures overemphasizing sex and violence." The speaker was George Heimrich, director of the Hollywood office of the National Council of Churches Broadcasting and Film Commission. He said, "recent rulings of the Supreme Court have granted the screen a new freedom, but the industry has yet to show it can responsibly use it . . . more and more people are alarmed by the impact of current movies on youth and U. S. relations abroad . . . the most damaging propaganda is not from Russia, but is of our own making."



"Lifelines" of Redwood Empire District churches were exhibited at Leadership Training Workshops in Santa Rosa and Eureka. Dist. Supt. Carl Walker points out church growth trends to Dr. Carl Stocking (left), general program secretary of the California-Nevada Conference, and Earl Stover, lay leader of San Rafael.

Bishop Heads TRAFCO

Bishop Donald H. Tippett was re-elected president of Methodism's Television, Radio, and Film Commission at a Chicago meeting of the national group.

He has headed the rapidly growing enterprise since its establishment in 1948. Today TRAFCO puts more than a million dollars annually into the production and distribution of films, filmstrips, radio and television programs, and into the training of local church leadership in the educational use of audio-visual materials.

Bishop Tippett said TRAFCO now has the third series of its high rated *Talk Back* television program in production. The programs dramatize personal and family life problems but leave the solutions to discussion panels of community leaders in each viewing area where *Talk Back* is released.

The commission was awarded $300,000 annually by the 1960 General Conference of the Church from its total World Service budget. But utilizing funds from many other agencies of the church which it serves, TRAFCO operations exceed the million dollar mark.

Methodist Leaders Are Prominent in NCC

The National Council of Churches will celebrate the 10th anniversary of its founding during its triennial General Assembly in San Francisco, December 4-9.

Dr. Norman L. Conard of San Francisco, minister of Glide Memorial Church and one time superintendent of the former Metropolitan District of The Methodist Church, is general chairman of the committee on arrangements for the big national meeting.

Official membership of the assembly, he said, is the 694 men and women who a the elected representatives of the 32 me ber communions of the council. H hundreds more will come to San Fra cisco to observe and participate in t six-day program.

Official delegate of the Northern Ca fornia-Nevada Council is Methodist l man Lowell W. Berry of Oakland. I Gene Carter, Bay View District Super tendent, is alternate.

Theme of the assembly is *Jesus Chri Living Lord of All*—a declaration ve close to that adopted at Methodism's 19 General Conference at Denver for t quadrennium ahead—*Jesus Christ Is Lor*

Turning on the assembly theme, t opening address by Dr. Edwin T. Dah berg will be delivered Sunday, Decemb 4 at 7:30 p.m. in the main area of t Civic Auditorium.

As a part of the General Assembl program the 24th Quadrennial Conve tion of the Christian Education Assembl presided over by Harold E. Stassen an Dr. Reuben H. Mueller, will hold sessio throughout the week. The last Quad rennial Convention of the Christian Ed cation Assembly held in San Francis was in 1911.

Other nationally known leaders inclu Henry Pitney Van Dusen, Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, Bishop James A. Pike, and Luther W. Youngdahl. Program highlights include an original production by the Drama Trio of Redlands University; audio-visual education demonstrations; *The Family of God*, dramatic production of the D vision of Christian Education; and scor of special section meetings and panel for all areas of church endeavor, at hom and abroad.

Dr. Conard

A national assembly for men startin at 2:00 p.m. Saturday, December 3, an continuing until the opening of th council sessions is also scheduled.

Applications for the registration c general visitors are available at most loc churches. They may be ordered from th National Council of Churches, 475 Rive side Drive, New York, or the California Nevada Council of Churches, 83 M Allister Street, San Francisco. A genera visitor pays no fee; may attend all genera programs and business sessions as spac permits.

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Epworth Fellowship Plans Two Retreats

Eighty-three delegates registered at Mission Springs in September for the Epworth Fellowship Retreat, largest group in the four-year series, according to Dean Philip A. Solbjor, pastor of Trinity Church, San Francisco.

They came for a four-day meeting of study, recreation, and Christian fellowship from 15 churches. Local church delegations were topped by First Church, Fresno, with 21. Epworth, Berkeley, and Santa Clara Avenue, Alameda, were a close second and third.

Among the delegates who have attended the retreat since its inception was 89-year-old Mrs. Georgia Carlson of Hamilton Church, San Francisco. One of the couples, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert G. Purcell of Morgan Hill, celebrated a wedding anniversary the last day of camp.

The enthusiastic campers recommended two retreats for next year, some indicating they will register for both. White Sulphur Springs has been reserved for next September 19-22 and Mission Springs for September 26-29.

Colliver Lectures Set

Dr. L. Harold DeWolf, professor of systematic theology at Boston University and theological consultant for the National Council of Churches, will headline the fourth annual George H. Colliver Lectures in Religious Education, Group Work, and Recreation at the College of the Pacific November 28-30.

Biblical Beliefs and Christian Teaching is the theme of the three-day program of lectures and discussion sessions. Three principal addresses by Dr. DeWolf are scheduled: *God in Contemporary Theology* on Monday evening; *The Father and the Son in Christian Education* on Tuesday morning; and *The Counselor* on Tuesday evening.

Discussion sessions will start Tuesday morning, in groups divided according to the professions or teaching interests of those enrolled. Five outstanding resource people will participate in the lectureship, which memorializes the late founder of the C.O.P. department of Religious Education. They are Dr. James M. Robinson, Southern California School of Theology; Dr. Wayne Reed, Pacific School of Religion; Dr. F. I. Sheeder, executive secretary of the Board of Christian Education and Publication, United Church of Christ; Dr. Henry M. Bullock, general secretary of the editorial division of the Board of Education of The Methodist Church; and Dr. Ruth Sprague, Board of Missions of the Congregational Church.

Registration will begin at 4 p.m. November 28, followed by the 6:30 opening banquet. The conference will close at noon on Wednesday, November 30. Complete programs and advance registration forms are available from the Department of Bible and Religious Education, C.O.P., Stockton.

Firemen save this $13,000 stained-glass window during fire at First Church, Red Bluff. Fire broke out in basement storeroom and swept up a stairway into the sanctuary. According to the pastor, the Rev. George E. Weber, damages were estimated at $25,000. The church school was in session when the fire started. Children and teachers were safely evacuated, and one fireman was overcome by smoke.

MEN'S CLUBS COMBINE FOR DINNER SERIES

The first of a series of combined meetings of the Methodist Men Clubs in the Yuba City-Marysville Area, was held in the First Methodist Church at Marysville.

Approximately 210 men and their wives (it was Ladies' Night) assembled to hear the Rev. Canon Richard Byfield of San Francisco, speak on the topic, *Threats to Our American Freedoms From Government and Religion.*

The Methodist Men's Club of First Church, Yuba City, has spearheaded this combined effort to present outstanding leaders in various phases of world concern to the area. Other churches participating are Sutter Community, Meridian, Colusa, Marysville First, Olivehurst, and Grace Church, Yuba City.

Four more group meetings are planned, for which Methodist men anywhere are invited to make reservations: November 21, Grace Church, Yuba City, with Dr. Lester Reukema, University of California professor and a member of the first Atomic Energy Commission, speaking on *Living in the Atomic Age.*

March 20, Sutter Community Church, with Dr. Robert E. Burns, president of C.O.P., on *The New University of the Pacific.*

May 20, Dr. Evelyn Miller Berger, Ph.D., Administrative Director, East Bay Psychological Center, Oakland, place to be announced.

The meetings of March 20 and May 20 will be Ladies' Nights.

The Church and the UN

Mrs. James Catterall, representing the Woman's Society of Christian Service of First Church, Sacramento, was chairman of the committee, and Methodist Jan Van Hee was designer for the 1960 California State United Nations Booth which graphically illustrated the theme, *Strife or Life.* Methodist women also helped to staff the exhibit during the 10-day exposition.

Montclair Church, Oakland, was host to an October Conference on Christian Social Responsibility and the UN sponsored by the Northern California-Nevada Council of Churches in co-operation with four East Bay councils, and featuring reports from delegates to a recent seminar at UN headquarters in New York.

Mrs. Harry Vise of Yuba City, Shasta District representative to the Conference Commission on Public Relations and Methodist Information, displays publicity materials to the Rev. Howard Daulton (left) and Melvin Herrick, president of Methodist Men, Yuba City, during one of six district Leadership Workshop Schools.

12 Win Scholarships

Twelve College of the Pacific students have been awarded National Methodist Scholarships for the 1960-61 academic year.

The nine freshmen and three sophomores were selected on the basis of superior academic standing, leadership ability, active churchmanship, character, personality, and need. The awards cover tuition and fees up to $500.

All active in Methodist Youth Fellowship during high school, four of the students served as presidents of their MYF groups and five held district offices. Nine were members of church choirs, and five taught Sunday school in their home churches.

The students have continued their interest in church activities since coming to campus.

Nine of the scholarship students are members of California-Nevada Conference churches:

Carole Glenn—freshman elementary education major, member of First Church in Watsonville, where she was active in the choir, served as vice-president of MYF for a year, and was a church-school teacher. At Pacific, she is a member of the chapel committee, Central Collegiates, Bread n' Cup Fellowship, and Saints and Skeptics.

Keith Porter—sophomore engineering major, active in the Williams Church MYF and the Val-Sierra subdistrict council as MYF Fund chairman, now serving as stewardship chairman for the Central Collegiates.

LaVonna Glee Miller—sophomore religion major, former president of the Fairfield Community Methodist MYF, has also been publicity chairman for the Silverado subdistrict and the Redwood Empire District. She served last year as fellowship chairman for the Central Collegiates.

Nancy Barker—sophomore pharmacy major, as active in MYF and taught church school in the Lindsay Church. She is a member of Central Collegiates and Spurs, sophomore women's honorary service organization.

Andrea Jacobs—freshman social work student from San Francisco's Jones Memorial Church where she served as MYF and youth choir president and was a San Francisco subdistrict and Metropolitan district MYF secretary.

Judith Gossett—Castro Valley Church, sang in the choir there and held various MYF offices at both the local and subdistrict level. A freshman education major, she is now a member of Central Collegiates and is on the Methodist Student Day planning committee.

Sandra Moon—freshman psychology major from First Church, Fresno, she has held MYF offices, sung in the church choir, and taught church school in her former home church at San Leandro.

Janet Combes—freshman physical education major from San Lorenzo, has been a choir member, MYF treasurer, and communion steward at First Church, Hayward. She was Contrameda subdistrict secretary and president, and now is a member of Central Collegiates at Pacific.

Linda Lee Stuart—freshman majoring in history, member of First Church, Corning, where she has been secretary of MYF, MYF Fund chairman, secretary of the commission on membership and evangelism, and a member of the church choir. Now she is a member of the Central Church choir, Saints and Skeptics, and Central Collegiates.

The three other awards went to Southern California-Arizona Conference students, Henriette Durniat of the Arroyo Grande Church in Grover City, Katharine Sue Warne of the Lancaster Church, and Margaret Ann Bannon of St. Paul's Church, Temple City.

Keith Porter explains symbolism in the chancel window at Morris Chapel to a group of Methodist scholarship winners at the College of the Pacific. Listening to instruction (back row, left to right) are: Katherine Warne, Carole Glenn, Sandra Moon, and Janet Combes; second row: Peggy Bannon and Linda Stuart; third row: Andrea Jacobs; front row: LaVonna Miller and Henriette Durniat.

AREA LEADERS ATTENDING CONVOCATION IN CHICAGO

All eight superintendents in the California-Nevada Conference, and the Rev. Taro Goto of Lodi, superintendent of the Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference, are attending the quadrennial national convocation of district superintendents in Chicago, November 18-20, when The Methodist Church's new four-year program will be officially launched.

Others attending from the San Francisco Area include Bishop Donald H. Tippett, the Rev. S. Shimada of Spokane who is chairman of the Commission on Stewardship and Finance of the Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference, George Atkinson of San Mateo who holds the same post in the California-Nevada Conference, the Rev. Ralph York of Redwood City who is chairman of the Commission on Promotion and Cultivation, and Dr. Carl Stocking of Burlingame who is general program secretary of the Conference.

In total, 575 superintendents, 200 commission chairmen, general board members, editors of Methodist publications, and visitors were expected to bring the registration above the 1,000 mark.

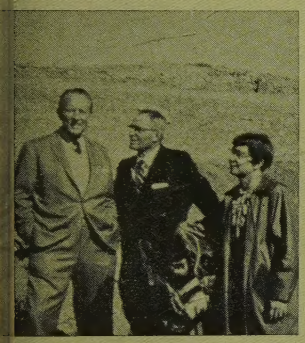
Among program features listed will be a discussion headed by Bishop Tippett on the recruitment program of the church. The sermon for the final convocation will be delivered by the Rev. R. Marvin Stuart of First Church, Palo Alto.

Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship.

—John Wesley (1703-1791)

OUR SPINNING PLANET is forever circling a sun which itself is plunging blindly through trackless space. Maybe you hadn't thought of it in just this way, but that means the earth has never been in the same place twice—and, so far as we know, it will never return to wherever it has been. Well, thank goodness, things are different here *on* earth. They have a way of returning, full circle. Every year about this time, colored lights glint behind frosty windowpanes, snow begins to fall, and Christmas is just around the corner. That's why this issue is so full of pictures and features about the glad season. And while it may be trite to say that Christmas is many things to many people, a look at the contents should prove just that.

This Christmas, **Ira B. Allen** will remember last Christmas—for that was the time of the unforgettable spiritual experience told on pages 2 and 3. Another who will remember, no doubt, is Art Linkletter, radio and television personality, shown here with Mr. and Mrs. Allen in the Holy Land. Mr. Allen, a Methodist district superintendent at Detroit Lakes, Minn., helped lead the traditional Protestant worship service outside Bethlehem. So did the irrepressible Mr. Linkletter, who was in the Holy Land to prepare a special film for presentation in a Christmas television program this year.



Our Cover: Here is a reverent stained-glass creation that isn't a church window. Instead, it's a medallion which hangs on our editor's living-room wall. The story of this treasured possession goes back to the time he and his bride were on a "stained-glass honeymoon tour" of New England. They returned home via Philadelphia to visit the famous D'Ascenzo Studios, where skilled craftsmen in stained glass still use techniques dating back to the Middle Ages. The studio has produced many of the well-known windows displayed in American churches. (One is the great *Pentecost Window* in the Upper Room Chapel, Nashville, Tenn.) That visit, and a talk with the proprietors, resulted in a magazine article in *The Spectator*. Almost a year later, the appreciative Mr. Nicola D'Ascenzo (now deceased) sent our editor the medallion, reproduced almost full size on this month's cover. We think it perfectly captures the richness of the Christmas spirit. No one suspected at the time it was given, of course, that the medallion would end up—full circle—as a cover for a magazine that wasn't then even a gleam in the editorial eye.

Together DECEMBER 1960

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

2 Jerusalem to Bethlehem on Christmas Eve

13 The Enemy Came to Church ..... Beaty L. McDonald

14 The Greatest Thing in the World ..... Henry Drummond

17 A Father's Letter to a Son in Jail

18 The True Story of America's Christmas Child .... Oren Arnold

20 Your Biggest Gift ..... W. G. Montgomery

21 How an English Village Made a Christmas Card — Jean Louise Smith

22 Unusual Methodists

24 Port Lyautey's Quiet Revolution ..... Al Hester

27 Six Months' Treatment for the Blues .... Georgia C. Nicholas

28 Footsteps on the Stairs ..... Kathleen Davis

30 When Mother Was Santa ..... Anna Louise Arnott

32 Eight Practical Ways to Put Christ Back in Your Christmas — Graham R. Hodges

33 Hang Your Memories on a Christmas Tree! .. Marge Engelman

34 Should the U.S. Give Surplus Grain to Needy Countries? Charles B. Shuman, James G. Patton ..... *(Powwow)*

37 The Nicest Thing About Christmas ... *(Children's drawings)*

45 He Did the Little Things ..... Walter L. Gates

59 Guppy Love ..... Raye Monroe

64 When Youth Takes Over ..... *(Pictorial)*

69 Flower of the Yesterdays ..... H. B. Teeter

SPECIAL FEATURES AND DEPARTMENTS

6 *Letters*

11 *Newsletter*

26 *Wicked Flea*

46 *Getting Along Together*

47 *Teens Together*

48 *Your Faith and Church*

49 *Spiritual Efficiency*

50 *Light Unto My Path*

52 *Looks at Books*

57 *Browsing in Fiction*

61 *Name Your Hobby*

62 *Small Fry*

67 *News of the World Parish*

78 *Photo Invitational*

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SELECTED BITS FROM YOUR

TOGETHER 740 N. RUSH STREET CHICAGO 1960

Letters

Is *Together* Too Methodist?

THOMAS R. McCREA
Philadelphia, Pa.

TOGETHER reads so totally Methodist that it seems to be less together and more SEPARATE.

She Lived in 'Soddy,' Too

MRS. JAMES HAGGART
Fall River Mills, Calif.

What a joy it was to me to find the Harvey Dunn paintings in the September issue of TOGETHER [*The Prairie Is My Homeland*, page 37]!

My parents were among those very pioneers he painted. I grew up in just such a sod house, and, later, a frame house exactly as he pictured.

The Lord's Eye Twinkled . . .

MRS. MARY H. WHITE
Dubois, Wyo.

In reading the October TOGETHER, I once again encountered the phrase, "Every child has the right to be a wanted child." Finally, I am compelled to say something about it.

My husband and I had been married only three months when I found out I was pregnant. I wanted children—had always wanted them—but I did not want them *then!* I rebelled inwardly the whole nine months. What happened? I had *twins!* The Lord must have had his tongue in his cheek and a twinkle in his eye when he did that.

From the moment the babies came I wanted them with every bit of me. No mother ever loved her children more. I believe emphatically in birth control, but once children are born, thank the good Lord, they are mostly always wanted.

Resist Sin Quietly?

MRS. JEAN WATERS
Rome, N.Y.

After reading William K. Babel's article, *A Father Speaks Up on Social Drinking* [October, page 24], I had to write these thoughts.

It's the popular idea today that problem drinking is always the result of maladjustment, that the problem drinker "tries to put a layer of alcohol between his problem and reality."

I question that position. It is not the complete truth. There are those who drink for social reasons or because they are ignorant of the harm alcohol can do them. Then the habit gets fastened upon them. Our Methodist Board of Temperance tells us that 1 out of every 12 social drinkers will become an alcoholic.

I also question the idea that we can "quietly resist sin" or "quietly stick to principles." There are times when we must vocalize our beliefs strongly. A baby must be told that he will get burned if he touches a hot stove. We don't let him get burned and then tell him it hurts. Then it's too late.

Advice 'The Best I've Read'

PHILLIP RUNYON, *Principal*
Westwood Elementary School
Novelty, Ohio

William K. Babel's article is more than what the title says. The advice given to parents in rearing children is the best I've read.

I've been dealing with children for 15 years, and I wish all parents could read this article. It would make our problems so few in the public schools today.

'To Express My Disappointment'

MRS. PAUL R. CROOKS
Masury, Ohio

I am not writing to condemn *A Father Speaks Up on Social Drinking* but to express my disappointment in the editors of the magazine.

I wonder if you realize the problems articles such as this can cause. Our ministers are asked to present a yearly program of total abstinence to our people. We try to teach our young people that it is better to "abstain from all appearance of evil," both for their own sakes and for the sake of those whom they might influence, and present the reasons why we believe this to be the safest course. This does not mean we teach them to look down their noses or develop a "holier than thou" attitude, which was an implication Mr. Babel slightly overworked in his article.

More Cat Tales

MRS. MABEL C. BEALE
Apple River, Ill.

Since reading Jean Bush's narration of her *Twenty-Nine Years a Volunteer Soprano* [October, page 29], I had to write to tell you that I have been a volunteer soprano in our Apple Riv Methodist Church choir for 58 years

I appreciate all that Jean said, ev to the white cat, since our cat, "M Jiggs," paid a visit to the church o Sunday.

Walking majestically up the cent aisle, he came up the three steps to t choir loft, then went over to the pul where the Rev. A. D. Feldwisch was d livering the sermon. He jumped onto the pulpit, stayed a minute, th jumped down and walked leisure back down the aisle and out into t night.

And we in the choir had ringsi seats.

Angling Not Christian?

FRANK H. SCHIEK
Penn Yan, N.Y.

Since fishing with a hook and li is a cruel and inhuman sport, I cann approve the suggestion in *I Go a Fishi* [July, page 37] that angling is associate with religion.

I am reminded of the man who sa he found religion more enjoyable aft a few drinks. Now that alcoholism regarded as a disease, even he may excused.

An Ecumenical Tombstone!

JOSEPH S. GRESHAM, *Ret. Past*
Richmond, Va.

I was interested in Doron K. Antrim story of the hymn *Nearer, My God, Thee* in your September issue [pag 46].

Mrs. Adams, author of the hymn, buried in Harlow, England. In 194

A tombstone with a story

while pastor of Union Station Churc here in Richmond, a member of m church, Julian Hudgens, asked me t investigate a news item that the ston over her grave had been overturne and that the cemetery plot was in nee of repairs.

We learned the name of a contra from the pastor of the Baptist churc in Harlow, and when the job was done Mr. Hudgens paid the expenses. After ward, we received some excellent pic tures showing the restored stone, bear ing a marker in honor of the gift.

Thus, a fine Methodist layman i

Virginia paid for the repairs to the grave of a famous Unitarian in a Baptist cemetery in England!

Meditation, Then Action!

MRS. WALTER W. CASEBOLT
Renton, Wash.

Before I postpone it until it's never done, as with so many things, I must tell you my response to *To Know Yourself, Meditate* [October, page 20]. I'm searching for words "big" enough to convey how greatly appreciative and thankful I am.

Through this article, I was guided to try its thesis immediately. The first thought which came to me as I meditated was how I used to begin the Lord's Prayer every night upon going to bed, but never finish it because my inmost thoughts would take charge of themselves and gradually lead into peace, relaxation, and sleep.

My second thought was remembering how immensely relieved I was as a teen-ager to read authoritatively that this process was not one to be ashamed of, but to be thankful for.

And the third was a resolution that I will resume this form of communication I've so neglected for many years.

Of course, the next thing I did was to write this letter, a humble effort to express my gratitude—for *all* of TOGETHER.

Re: Strawbridge and Evans

EDWIN SCHELL, *Pres.*
Meth. Hist. Soc., Balt. Conf.
Baltimore, Md.

I hope these references will clarify the important place of the Strawbridge and Evans houses [see *Here People Called Methodists Wove History,* August, page 2].

In 1856, John Bowen, pastor in the vicinity, wrote *The Rise and Progress of Methodism on Sam's and Pipe Creeks, Md., from the year 1764.* On page 10 he says, "Robert Strawbridge formed the first Methodist Society in America at his own home in the year 1764. It had seven or eight members . . . John Evans, his wife Eleanor . . . Job Evans . . . his wife Mary, and Nancy Murphy and Mrs. Hoy. They met regularly every week wither at Mr. Strawbridge's house or at Mr. John England's, whose farm adjoined Mr. Strawbridge's, and at the log meeting house, where Mrs. Porter says she well remembers her father [John Evans] and mother, with others, attending meeting and continuing until a late hour."

On pages 11 and 12: "In July of 1776, the preaching was removed from Mr. Todd's to John Evans, where it continued as a weekday appointment and prayer and class meetings on the Sabbath till the year 1809."

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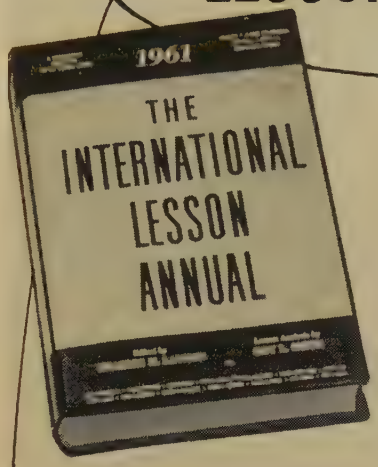

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Gordon Pratt Baker of the papers of Mrs. A. B. Bibbins, page 37 says of the John Evans house: "It was a regular preaching place and in it met the first class, 1768-1809." This would indicate that the first class met somewhere else previously, as Mrs. Bibbins elsewhere indicates (page 36) in connection with the tablet on the Strawbridge house, for which she doubtless supplied the wording, "Here he formed the first class of Methodism."

Missing: One Architect

T. L. WILLIAMS, *Pastor*
Chattanooga, Tenn.

The Angry Sinner [August, page 28] is an interesting story. The church needs more men with a will to do like the principal character, Ben Huckins.

However, after reading about the undesirable lot which was donated for a church, the reader hopes that someone will correct this mistake before a valuable building is constructed at the wrong place. Then one is further startled to discover that construction is to begin without reference to architect, without approval of the pastor or of church officials. Having had to deal with the results of such misguided enthusiasts, we hope that others will not follow this example.

The spirit was wonderful but the procedures were terrible. If the pastor in the story had any such result in mind, his own leadership was at fault.

No 'Elevation'!

ROBERT M. McCALLISTER
Garrett Biblical Institute
Evanston, Ill.

In some church papers, I have noted election to the episcopacy described as "elevation." I am sure you know that Methodist ministers are not "elevated" when they are elected bishops.

They are chosen by their peers, and they remain in the order of elders. In keeping with Methodism's representative form of government, bishops are charged with the authority to supervise the temporal affairs of the church by consent.

A Methodist bishop remains an elder, nothing more. He has a particular ministry, but not a superior one.

Respect the Lowly Insect

GARY CALLAGHAN
Tacoma, Wash.

I am writing in praise of the pictorial on the insect world, *God's Little Creatures* [October, page 37].

Too many of us think of insects with dread and aversion. Our attention is focused on the dreadful members of the insect world, and we fail to realize that there are many members which do a great good. Indeed, much pleasure and recreation, as well as valuable lessons, could be given us if only we would deign to look upon and study the lowly insect, whose place in the world is not quite well enough recognized and respected by humans.

Not All Favor Released Time

R. BENJAMIN GARRISON, *Pastor*
First Methodist Church
Bloomington, Ind.

The September *Powwow, 'Released Time' for Religious Instruction?* [page 20] was well and fairly written.

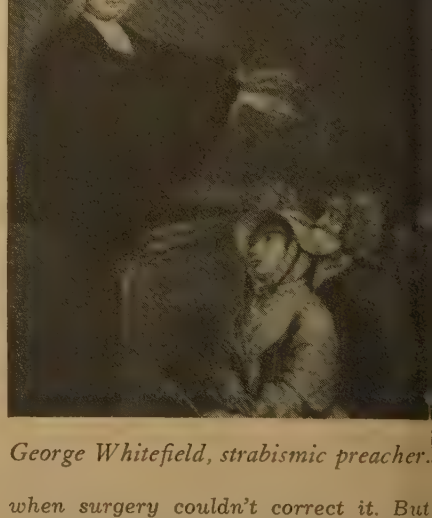
It seemed to me, however, to be incomplete. Was it an editorial oversight that a fourth position was not presented? I refer to the fact that there are numerous Christians, highly interested in education, who have stern and conscientious scruples, both as citizens and as churchmen, against the inclusion of religious instruction in the public-school curriculum.

Yes, George Had Strabismus

JEREDYTHE SNYDER
New Hyde Park, N.Y.

In looking at your *Quiz on 10 Men* [October, page 16], I notice that George Whitefield appears cross-eyed. Is this true, or is it a mistake in printing?

Yes, Jeredythe, George Whitefield had a bad case of strabismus, and the further ill fortune to have been born in a day



George Whitefield, strabismic preacher

when surgery couldn't correct it. But his affliction didn't keep him from being one of the eloquent ministers of all time. Incidentally, we wonder how many other readers caught what your sharp eyes did!—EDS.

Curbing Dope in England

LAURENCE HANSEN
Kimball, Nebr.

I am interested in your concern about dope and narcotics as shown by your article, *The Narcotics Evil Is Growing!* by George Daniels [October, page 30].

In England, a new approach to the problem has worked quite well. An addict may go to a doctor and receive a prescription to purchase dope. He can buy it cheaper at a drugstore than through a pusher. The pusher cannot make a profit, so he has no incentive to recruit new addicts.

This draws addicts to a doctor, who must report all addicts to the Office of the Registrar, a central office which prevents duplication and which acts as control.

Yes, John Turner Is Real

STEPHEN A. SHEPPARD
North Olmsted, Ohio

I read with interest the article entitled *God Roars in the Pines,* allegedly written by a 19-year-old boy named John Turner [September, page 26].

If such a person as John Turner actually exists, I shall be most amazed. If he is really only 19, I shall be dumbfounded. And if he actually wrote this article unaided, I shall be forced to apologize to you for being a skeptic.

John Turner, aged 19, lives at the Delta Upsilon House, 1834 Potter, University of Oregon, Eugene, Ore. His article is "entirely my own viewpoint," he writes, but adds that it had some polishing from his mother and a teacher. See our January, 1961, issue for readers' replies to John Turner in a full-length article.—EDS.

She Likes Gypsy Stories

DORIS MOORE
Pleasanton, Kans.

I and other teen-agers would enjoy more stories such as *They're Christians, They're Gypsies* [September, page 76]. We have a junior high-school group at the Pleasanton Methodist Church. Although we study social studies, we don't learn about each separate tribe or about their different religions.

Prayers and Atom Bombs

ROBERT W. GORDON, *Pastor*
East St. Louis, Ill.

Bishop Nall's answer to the question, "Can I pray and still make atom bombs?" [*Your Faith and Your Church,* October, page 49] left me with a very unsatisfied feeling. Though I would not want to cut off any sincere believer from the possibilities of prayer, the answer seemed to stand on both sides of the question.

It has always troubled me that our church can take such an uncompromising stand on the liquor question, as it should, and yet take such a compromising stand on questions related to war and preparation for war. I cannot help but wonder what Bishop Nall's answer would have been to "Can I pray and still operate a tavern?"

If the church lacks influence in the

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Fruited Baba Makes 1 cake

⅓ cup Blue Bonnet Margarine
⅔ cup sugar
2 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 package Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast
½ cup very warm water
⅓ cup dry milk solids
2 cups sifted flour
½ cup raisins
½ cup chopped walnuts
½ cup apricot nectar
½ cup sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Cream margarine and sugar. Add eggs and vanilla, beating well. Dissolve yeast in very warm water. Stir dry milk solids into yeast mixture. Add flour and yeast mixture to creamed mixture. Blend at lowest speed of electric mixer, then beat at highest speed for six minutes. Place batter in warm place, free from draft, until surface is bubbly, about 1½ hours. Combine batter, raisins and walnuts. Pour into greased and floured 2-quart mold. Set in warm place until surface is bubbly (about 1 hour).

Bake at 375°F. 35-40 minutes. Remove from pan. Cool slightly. Meanwhile combine apricot nectar and sugar in saucepan. Simmer 10 minutes. Add lemon juice. Prick surface of cake. Spoon sauce over cake, repeating process until syrup is used.

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world today, it's because the world knows we have not kept faith with our Master on this matter of war and preparation for war.

A Rhyme About Readers

MRS. JEWEL MURPHY
Odin, Ill.

Thank you for printing my name as a poetry enthusiast in your *Name Your Hobby* feature. I received beautiful poetry from all over the United States. It was indeed a thrill.

I am wondering if the very intelligent and devout poetry lovers who wrote to me are a fair sample of your readers in general. If so, your magazine appeals to the very best people. Here's how I feel about them:

I love the nice TOGETHER *folk.*
It's such a joy to know 'em.
At night they put their heads to soak
Next day they sprout a poem.

What Is God's Will?

CLAUDE M. MORGAN
Huntington, W.Va.

As I read *My Last Wonderful Day* [October, page 26], tears came to my eyes. It is keenly poignant, and the fact that the author professed to be happy did little to lighten it.

When she stated that she tried to explain to her 12-year-old son that her illness was God's will, I rebelled. Although I had been expecting such an assertion. How many times I have seen similar statements, and how often I have pondered them!

How could it be His will, and why did she think it was? Why would a loving heavenly father take a 42-year-old woman, mother of three children in their formative years, and leave a sorrowing husband and father in a lonely home? No, I cannot believe that such utter tragedy is His will or that He has anything to do with it.

Age Based on Actions?

LINDA BELL, *age 17*
Exmore, Va.

I would like to challenge O. E. Kinler's letter in your September issue [page 7].

Young people 15 and up *should* be considered adults—not on the basis of their age or grade in school or even the fact that some of them work for a living, but on the grounds of the way they act in everyday life.

Together / NEWSLETTER

NAME BOARD AND AGENCY HEADS. Bishop F. Gerald Ensley, Des Moines, Iowa, has been named president of the new General Board of Christian Social Concerns, created by union of the Boards of Temperance, World Peace, and Social and Economic Relations of The Methodist Church. The new board incorporates the old boards as separate divisions with the following chairmen: Bishop John Wesley Lord, Washington, D.C., temperance and general welfare; Bishop Kenneth W. Copeland, Lincoln, Nebr., peace and world order, and Bishop A. Raymond Grant, Portland, Oreg., human relations and economic affairs. The Commission on Church Union chose as its chairman Bishop Glenn R. Phillips, Denver, Colo., while the Board of Missions selected Bishop Paul N. Garber, Richmond, Va., as its new president. The Board of Pensions re-elected as president Bishop Marshall R. Reed, Detroit, Mich., and the Commission on Worship re-named as chairman Bishop Edwin E. Voigt, Springfield, Ill. The Commission on Promotion and Cultivation chose Dr. Elliott L. Fisher of San Jose, Calif., as general secretary to succeed Dr. Harold Mohn, who retires January 1. [For additional elections see An Election Roundup, page 70.]

QUICK ACTION NEEDED. Bishop Richard C. Raines of the Indiana Area, just returned from Africa, says the church must provide leadership quickly in the strife-torn Congo or that nation will fall to Communism. The bishop, president of the Board of Missions, said The Methodist Church is acting now to get missionaries back into the Congo, to reopen schools and start a crash program of education, and to offer services of missionaries as liaison personnel to the UN whenever needed.

ASK COURT RULING. The American Civil Liberties Union and American Jewish Congress have asked the U.S. Supreme Court to rule on whether states legally can require citizens to swear a belief in God as a prerequisite for holding public office, claiming this requirement violates the First Amendment.

INTERNATIONALIZE MISSIONARY WORK. The Division of World Missions and Woman's Division of Christian Service are encouraging Methodist and Methodist-related churches around the world to develop their own boards of missions which would have their own missionaries and administer their own programs. Several such boards already are operating.

(*More church news on page 67*)

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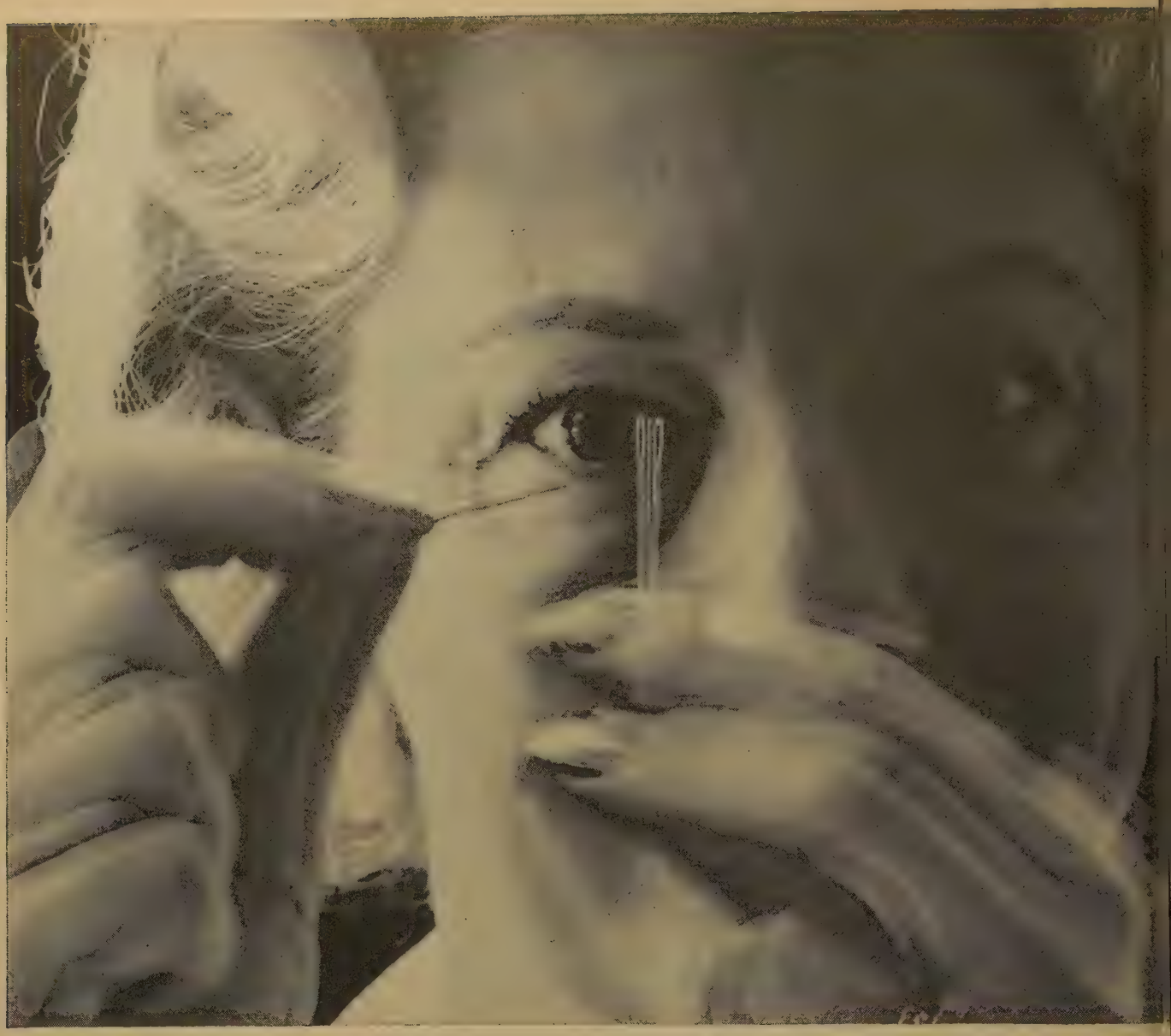


"Because I was nervous to my fingertips, my doctor started me on Postum."

"You can imagine how it worried me, when I found it hard to thread a needle! Of course I wasn't sleeping very well, but I hadn't realized how unsteady I'd become. Time to see the doctor, I told myself.

" 'Can't find anything wrong,' the doctor told me, 'unless maybe you've been drinking too much coffee.' It seems some people can't take the caffein in coffee. 'Change to Postum,' the doctor advised. 'It's 100% caffein-free—can't make you nervous or keep you awake!'

"Well—I've been blessing the doctor and Postum ever since! My nerves are much steadier, I sleep much better and I really enjoy drinking Postum. My only regret is I didn't change to Postum sooner!"

Postum is 100% coffee-free.

Another fine product of General Foods

✠ *Personal Testimony*

The Enemy Came to Church

By BEATY L. McDONALD

The prisoners sat in the front pews while two guards stood at the back. A few townspeople absented themselves from the services.

IT WAS the day before Christmas, 1943—a frosty Friday in Kremmling, Colo., where I was pastor of the Community church. In our three-room parsonage, the telephone rang; a stranger spoke to me:

"We've got some German prisoners of war on a work detail here at a temporary camp a mile west of town. They want some kind of Christmas service. I wonder if you'd be willing to come out."

I was surprised, not even having heard of the POW camp, but a minister in that rugged Rocky Mountain country is seldom stumped by any request. I consented and half an hour later a soldier picked me up.

On the way out, he told me that the Germans were cutting ice at a pond. The camp was a cluster of barracks, with one building serving as a mess hall. It was there that I conducted an impromptu Christmas service for 20 or 30 young men in blue POW coveralls as they sat around the tables and an armed guard watched near the door.

Except for one who served as interpreter, the Germans understood almost no English. I borrowed a German Bible from one of the men and in my rusty, high-school German read the Christmas story from Luke. After they sang some of their carols, I summarized the Christmas sermon I had preached to my own congregation the preceding Sunday morning.

I told the prisoners that in spite of the hatred of a world at war, the Star of Bethlehem was still man's best hope. When I finished, the young interpreter repeated in German what I had said.

We closed with another German carol. After the benediction the POWs crowded around to shake my hand. Then, after hasty consultation with his comrades, the interpreter made a request. Could they attend services in my church on Sundays? I was surprised—and thrilled. I had been trying to tell my people that the Church was the earthly representation of a Kingdom which, even in wartime, transcended all lesser loyalties of race or nation, that the Japanese and Germans were just as much the sons of God as we. Here was a chance to prove my point.

With the military authorities' permission, I consented. Several Sunday mornings in the next two months, the prisoners marched to church. They sat in the front pews while two guards stood at the back.

A few townspeople were bitter in their denunciation. Some absented themselves from services. But on the whole I was proud of the way the congregation welcomed our unusual visitors, who were, after all, only homesick boys a long way from their native land.

About a year later we moved away from Colorado. But recently one of my former parishioners sent me a newspaper clipping of a letter written to a Kremmling storekeeper. In rough-hewn English, it read in part:

"Please, excuse me, when I write this letter to you as one of the former German war-prisoners, who have been on that ice-detail. Maybe, you still remember me, I was clerk and interpreter and sometimes we came in your store. . . . In the meantime I got married and we have a nice little daughter. I often told my wife of our work in the ice-detail in Kremmling and my first Christmas in prisonership.

"And this is today again the reason for sending you this letter. Speaking in the name of all former German war-prisoners of camp Kremmling, it is a need for me to thank you and all members of Kremmling for the good treatment and the fine Christmas 1943, we had in your camp. . . . At Christmas Eve, we will remember that first Christmas 1943 in prisonership, which we will never forget. We also hope, that there will be peace forever now in the world.

Sincerely yours,
Werner Christen."

Even across the chasm of war, Christian love had struck a responsive spark. Who knows what miracles it may achieve in the future?

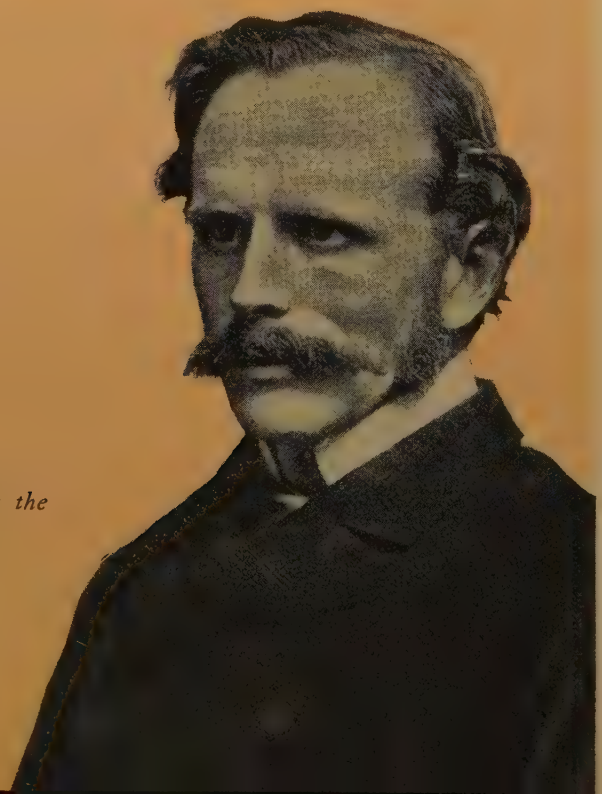
The

LECTURES to college students seldom make popular books. *Very* rare is one in print after 75 years and still possessing the magic to warm human hearts. Such a book—a *very* small book—is *The Greatest Thing in the World*. Its author died at 45 in 1897, but already 350,000 copies had been printed. No one knows how many millions have since been issued. And you can still buy it at your bookstore.

Henry Drummond was a Scotsman. Entering Edinburgh University at 15, he started a brilliant career in the bright, new world of science opened by Darwin, Huxley, and others. But Moody and Sankey, the American evangelistic-singing team, came to Britain—and the young Drummond switched his professorial career to discovering *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, the title of his best-selling book.

Students swarmed to Oddfellows' Hall in Edinburgh for his Sunday lectures. His most popular one is here excerpted for our *Reader's Choice*. Several subscribers proposed it, but first was Mrs. Ray Hatfield of Route 2, Buhl, Idaho, who receives a $25 check for reminding us of this always-timely Christian writing.—EDS.

His Little Book Became a Classic



Henry Drummond—from a photograph taken about the time this handsome young Scotsman took part in a geological expedition to the Rocky Mountains.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not Love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not Love, I am nothing.

—1 CORINTHIANS 13:1-2 (KJV)

LOVE was not Paul's strong point. The observing student can detect a beautiful tenderness growing and ripening all through his character as Paul gets old; but the hand that wrote, "The greatest of these is love," when we meet it first, is stained with blood.

This letter to the Corinthians is not peculiar in singling out love. Peter says, "Above all things have fervent love among yourselves." *Above all things*. John goes farther: "God is love." And you remember the profound remark which Paul makes elsewhere, "Love is the fulfilling of the law."

Did you ever think what he meant by that? In those days men were working their passage to heaven by keeping the Ten Commandments and the 110 other commandments which they had manufactured out of them. Christ said, I will show you a more simple way. If you do one thing, you will do these 110 things without ever thinking about them. If you love, you will unconsciously fulfill the whole law.

You can readily see for yourselves how that must be so. Take any of the commandments. It (Love) is the rule for fulfilling all rules, the new commandment for keeping all the old commandments, Christ's one secret of the Christian life.

In his letter, Paul begins by con-

Greatest Thing in the World

By HENRY DRUMMOND

trasting Love with other things that men in those days thought much of. He contrasts it with eloquence. He contrasts it with prophecy. He contrasts it with mysteries. He contrasts it with faith. He contrasts it with charity.

Why is Love greater than faith? Because the end is greater than the means. And why is it greater than charity? Because the whole is greater than the part. Love is greater than faith, because the end is greater than the means. What is the use of having faith? It is to connect the soul with God. And what is the object of connecting man with God? That he may become like God.

After contrasting Love with these things, Paul, in three verses, very short, gives us an amazing analysis of what this supreme thing is. It is a compound thing, he tells us. It is like light. As you have seen a man of science take a beam of light and pass it through a crystal prism, as you have seen it come out on the other side of the prism broken up into its component colors, so Paul passes this thing, Love, through the magnificent prism of his inspired intellect, and it comes out on the other side broken up into its elements. And in these few words we have what one might call the spectrum of Love:

Patience, kindness, generosity, humility, courtesy, unselfishness, good temper, guilelessness, sincerity —these make up the supreme gift.

Love is *Patience*. This is the normal attitude of Love; Love passive, Love waiting to begin; not in a hurry; calm; ready to do its work when the summons comes, but meantime wearing the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. Love suffers long; beareth all things; believeth all things; hopeth all things. For Love understands, and therefore Love has the patience to wait.

Kindness. Love active. Have you ever noticed how much of Christ's life was spent in doing kind things —in *merely* doing kind things? There is only one thing greater than happiness in the world, and that is holiness; and it is not in our keeping.

"The greatest thing a man can do for his heavenly father," someone has said, "is to be kind to some of his other children."

Where Love is, God is. He that dwelleth in Love dwelleth in God. God is Love. Therefore *love*—without distinction, without calculation, without procrastination, love. Lavish it upon the poor, where it is very easy; especially upon the rich, who often need it most; most of all upon our equals, where it is very difficult, and for whom perhaps we each do least of all.

Generosity. "Love envieth not." This is Love in competition with others. Whenever you attempt a good work you will find other men doing the same kind of work, and probably doing it better. Envy them not. Envy is a feeling of ill will to those who are in the same line as ourselves, a spirit of covetousness and detraction.

And then, after having learned all that, you have to learn this further thing, *Humility*—to put a seal upon your lips and forget what you have done. After you have been kind, after Love has stolen forth into the world and done its beautiful work, go back into the shade again and say nothing about it. Love hides even from itself. Love waives even self-satisfaction. "Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up."

Courtesy. This is Love in society, Love in relation to etiquette. "Love doth not behave itself unseemly." Politeness has been defined as love in trifles. Courtesy is said to be love in little things. And the one secret of politeness is to love. Love cannot behave itself unseemly. You can put the most untutored persons into the highest society, and if they have a reservoir of love in their heart, they will not behave themselves unseemly. They simply cannot do it.

Unselfishness. "Love seeketh not her own." Observe: Seeketh not even that which is her own. In Britain the Englishman is devoted, and rightly, to his rights. But there come times when a man may exercise even the higher right of giving up his rights.

Yet Paul does not summon us to give up our rights. Love strikes much deeper. It would have us not seek them at all, ignore them, eliminate the personal element altogether from our calculations. It is not hard to give up our rights. They are often external. The difficult thing is to give up ourselves. The more difficult thing still is not to seek things for ourselves at all.

"Seekest thou great things for thyself?" said the prophet. "Seek them not." Why? Because there is no greatness in things. Things cannot be great. The only greatness is unselfish love.

He that would be great among you, said Christ, let him serve. He that would be happy, let him remember that there is but one way—it is more blessed, it is more happy, to give than to receive.

The next ingredient is a very remarkable one: *Good Temper*. "Love is not easily provoked."

The peculiarity of ill temper is that it is the voice of the virtuous. It is often the one blot on an otherwise noble character. You know men who are all but perfect, and women who would be entirely perfect, but for one easily ruffled, quick-tempered, or touchy disposition. This compatibility of ill temper with high

moral character is one of the strangest and saddest problems of ethics.

The truth is there are two great classes of sins—sins of the body and sins of the disposition. No form of vice, not worldliness, not greed of gold, not drunkenness itself, does more to unchristianize society than evil temper. For embittering life, for breaking up communities, for destroying the most sacred relationships, for devastating homes, for withering up men and women, for taking the bloom off childhood; in short, for sheer gratuitous misery-producing power, this influence stands alone.

You will see then why temper is significant. It is not in what it is alone, but in what it reveals. It is a test for love, a symptom, a revelation of an unloving nature at bottom. It is the intermittent fever which bespeaks unintermittent disease within, the occasional bubble escaping to the surface which betrays some rottenness underneath; a sample of the most hidden products of the soul dropped involuntarily when off one's guard; in a word, the lightning form of a hundred hideous and unchristian sins. For a want of patience, a want of kindness, a want of generosity, a want of courtesy, a want of unselfishness, are all instantaneously symbolized in one flash of temper.

Guilelessness is the grace for suspicious people. And the possession of it is the great secret of personal influence.

YOU will find, if you think for a moment, that the people who influence you are people who believe in you. In an atmosphere of suspicion men shrivel up; but in that atmosphere they expand, and find encouragement and educative fellowship. For the respect of another is the first restoration of the self-respect a man has lost; our ideal of what he is becomes to him the hope and pattern of what he may become.

"Love rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth." I have called this *Sincerity* from the words as rendered in the Authorized Version by "rejoiceth in the truth." And, certainly, were this the real translation, nothing could be more just. For he who loves will love Truth not less than men. He will accept only what is real; he will strive to get at facts; he will search for truth with a humble and unbiased mind, and cherish whatever he finds at any sacrifice. It includes, perhaps more strictly, the self-restraint which refuses to make capital out of others' faults; the charity which delights not in exposing the weakness of others, but "covereth all things"; the sincerity of purpose which endeavors to see things as they are, and rejoices to find them better than suspicion feared or calumny denounced.

Is life not full of opportunities for learning Love? Every man and woman every day has a thousand of them. The world is not a playground; it is a schoolroom. Life is not a holiday, but an education.

What was Christ doing in the carpenter's shop? Practicing. Though perfect, we read that he learned obedience. He increased in wisdom and in favor with God and man. Do not quarrel, therefore, with your lot in life. Do not complain of its never-ceasing cares, its petty environment, the vexations you have to stand, the small and sordid souls you have to live and work with.

Above all, do not resent temptation; do not be perplexed because it seems to thicken round you more and more and ceases neither for effort nor for agony nor prayer. That is the practice which God appoints you. Therefore, keep in the midst of life. Do not isolate yourself. Be among men, and among things, and among troubles, and difficulties, and obstacles. You remember Goethe's words: "Talent develops itself in solitude; character in the stream of life."

To make it easier, I have named a few of the elements of love. But these are only elements. Love itself can never be defined. Light is a something more than the sum of its ingredients—a glowing, dazzling, tremulous ether. And love is something more than all its elements—a palpitating, quivering, sensitive, living thing. By synthesis of all the colors, men can make whiteness; they cannot make light. By synthesis of all the virtues, men can make virtue; they cannot make love.

Love is an effect. And only as we fulfill the right condition can we have the effect produced. If you turn to the First Epistle of John, you will find these words: "We love because He first loved us." Contemplate the love of Christ, and you will love.

There is no other way. You cannot love to order. You can only look at the lovely object, and fall in love with it, and grow into likeness to it. And so look at this Perfect Character, this Perfect Life. Look at the great Sacrifice as He laid down himself, all through life, and upon the cross of Calvary; and you must love him. And loving him, you must become like him.

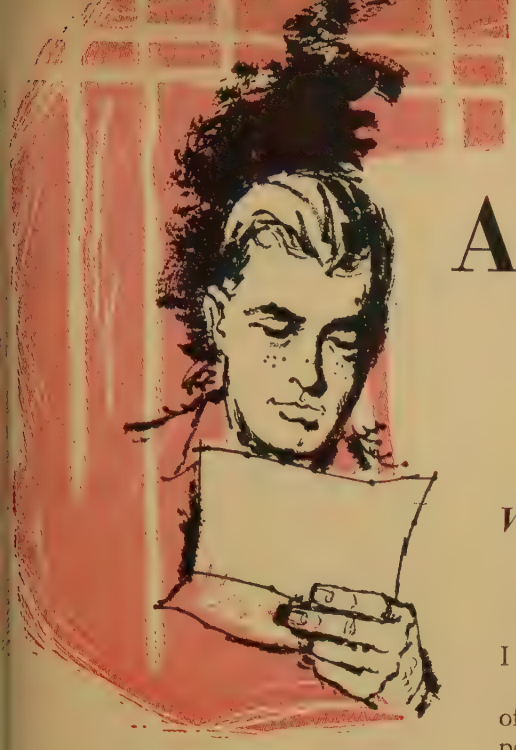
"LOVE," urges Paul, "never faileth." Then he runs over the things that men thought were going to last, and shows that they are all fleeting.

Many things Paul did not name. He did not mention money, fortune, fame. All he said about them was that they would not last. They were great things, but not supreme things. The immortal soul must give itself to something that is immortal. And the only immortal things are these: "Now abideth faith, hope, love, but the greatest of these is love."

Paul had no charge against these things in themselves. All he said about them was that they would not last. They were great things, but not supreme things. The immortal soul must give itself to something that is immortal. And the only immortal things are these: "Now abideth faith, hope, love, but the greatest of these is love."

We want to live forever for the reason that we want to live tomorrow. Why do you want to live tomorrow? It is because there is someone who loves you, and whom you want to see tomorrow and be with and love back. There is no other reason why we should live on than that we love and are beloved. It is when a man has no one to love him that he commits suicide. So long as he has friends, those who love him and whom he loves, he will live; because to live is to love.

Love never faileth, and life never faileth so long as there is love. That is the philosophy of what Paul is showing us; the reason why, in the nature of things, Love should be the supreme thing—because it is going to last; because in the nature of things it is an Eternal Life.



A Father's Letter to a Son in Jail

Whose was the greater burden of guilt?

IF POLICE informed you that your son was under arrest as a burglary suspect, how would you react? When it happened to this man he spent days searching his soul for an explanation. Then he wrote his boy a letter and sent a copy to The New York Herald Tribune, *hoping it might help others.* TOGETHER *feels it has a message for every parent and son—or daughter—and, with* Herald Tribune *permission, reprints it here without names.*—EDS.

"Dear Son:

"It's your tenth day in jail today and I sit here at home wondering what thoughts are going through your mind. It will be 14 more days until your hearing before the grand jury comes up and I'll be wondering every day until then how this life in prison is affecting you.

"Don't feel bitter about it, Son. . . . You're not alone in your misery and neither are Mom and I alone in ours.

"You could be sitting at home with us right now if we had decided to put up the bail money to get you out. However, getting you out of jail right now wouldn't solve anything, Son. The big problem is to discover how you got there. It won't do you a bit of harm to sit there and think about it for a few weeks. You can hardly be suffering any more than Mom and I are at home. I've been going around day after day with my head in a whirl and feeling as if I'd been kicked in the stomach by a mule, and I know Mom feels the same way.

"It's a deep emotional shock to all of us, Son, but sometimes, during periods like this, if we quietly and sincerely seek the truth and get down on our knees and ask God to show us the light, he answers our prayers. Suddenly we find the solutions to what we thought were deep, unsolvable problems. I think God has answered my prayers, Son. . . .

"It takes a mature mind to understand God. It takes a mature mind to understand that God's laws are absolute, that they act automatically, that whatever we ask for in his name has already been provided for, that the sins for which we ask forgiveness have already been forgiven.

"Comparatively few people ever reach maturity, Son. In all their physical aspects many of them may appear to be men and women but their minds are still immature. It's the men and women with the minds of children who cause all the trouble and heartaches in the world. . . .

"It took your daddy more than 50 years to grow up, Son, and that's the main reason why you are sitting in jail right now. Crimes are committed by people who have never grown up and by sons and daughters of people who have never fully grown up.

"There is only one man who ever reached the zenith of mental maturity. He lived on earth 2,000 years ago. If all men could understand His teachings we would have no further use for jails, or even locks.

"What Christ taught was as easy as simple arithmetic yet, like simple arithmetic, some people just can't understand it. All of His teachings, everything in the Sermon on the Mount, was based on the premise that if we are to have the wonderful, satisfying life here on earth, which God intended we should have, we must live and love and understand each other. 'Love thy neighbor.' 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.' What Christ taught was that we should banish all hate and replace it with understanding, that we should banish selfishness and in its place put love and consideration for others. That is God's whole formula for peace and happiness and to do otherwise, to disobey his laws, is just as foolish as a fish trying to live out of water. Too many of us are wrapped up in a small, selfish world of our own making and so we miss the best things of life.

"There is not much I could add to the above, Son. If you can understand it and take it into your heart, you need never again worry about your future. God will take care of it for you and your life on this earth will be wonderful and rewarding.

"When this is all over, Son, when you have paid whatever penalty* the authorities mete out to you for having committed a crime against society, you and I are going off fishing. We're going to spend a week or so in the woods together and do a lot of soul-searching. When we come home, we're going to be a lot closer to God than we ever were before and, from there on, we're going to grow up together.

"God bless you, Son.

Dad"

* *The court put him on probation.*—EDS.

Remember the yuletide "miracle" of 1931? Here's

The True Story of America's

By OREN ARNOLD

EACH DECEMBER old-timers in the Southwest speculate anew on the fate of Baby Marian. Is she happy today? Has her life been a rewarding one? More specifically, has it been the influence for good that thousands devoutly predicted for her? We who were briefly close to her can't imagine it otherwise, for she seemed foreordained. Now she must be about the age of the mature Jesus, and her strange start in life reminded us strongly of his.

Marian's Christmas story began on just such a night and in just such a setting as that of the holy birth itself. Specifically, it was about 8 p.m. on Christmas Eve, 1931. Edward Stewart, an iceman of Mesa, Ariz., and his wife were driving home from Superior, a distance of 60 miles. They had started from home early that morning on a business trip, leaving their eight-month-old baby, Evelyn, with friends. The car was purring smoothly, but suddenly a tire blew out.

"Won't take more than 10 minutes," good-natured Ed said after inspecting it. "We've got to hurry home and play Santa Claus."

"Sure have," his pretty young wife agreed. Their baby was a sweet one, much loved.

Ed hummed *Silent Night* as he jacked up the wheel. "I read somewhere that this country looks a lot like the Holy Land," he said. "Same climate, rolling hills, and all."

"I can see why," his wife agreed. "Tonight especially. It's so beautiful. Even seems like one star's brighter than the others right now."

As Ed worked, she wandered off, past the friendly cacti, feeling warm inside despite the crisp air. Christmas Eve! What woman wouldn't feel good then, with a loving husband nearby and a baby waiting at home? She knew this to be a wild region, with no human habitation within 10 miles. Yet it was beautiful, dark blue and gemmed like a Christmas card. It took only a wisp of imagination to envision Three Men on camels silhouetted on the crest of a nearby hill. She smiled at her thoughts.

Then, on the ground, she saw something.

It was black, about two feet across. She moved closer. In the dim light she could see it was an ordinary round hatbox. The lid was closed.

At first she thought somebody had thrown away an old piece of luggage. She moved a few steps toward the car. But then something impelled her to stop and look back. It was still no more than a closed hatbox. Nothing else was in sight except the desert growths and the starlit hills. For long minutes she stared at the box.

"OK, honey." Ed's voice broke the stillness. "About ready to roll."

"Ed," she called back. "Come here a minute."

"Hey? Come on, let's get home. It's Christmas Eve."

"Ed, please come here. There's—— there's something."

Was it premonition? Some strange knowledge stirring inside her? She has never known. But Ed, to humor her, walked over and looked.

"Just an old hatbox," he scoffed. He went over and gently kicked it.

From inside, they heard a sound!

Neither spoke. Ed slowly lifted the lid. They saw a wad of blankets. Ed reached out, touched them, softly pulled back a corner. "Good Lord!" he murmured, kneeling there with his wife leaning over him.

An infant cried.

Trembling, almost benumbed with the strangeness of it, Mrs. Stewart lifted baby and blankets from that discarded black hatbox.

"Ed!" she breathed, incredulous. "Ed!"

She saw that the baby wore no garment. It was simply swaddled, wrapped in old cotton cloths. "Ed, a little baby! Away out here! Nobody, nothing around."

Quickly, they ran to their car. Mrs. Stewart rewrapped the infant in the best of the blankets and her own coat, cradled it in her arms, and—with heart still thumping in amazement—crooned a Christmas lullaby.

But Ed didn't start the car at once. Instead, he ran back to look for tracks leading off the pavement. He found none. He flushed a few birds from their roosts. A coyote, prowling predator of the desert, galloped off, startling him. Ed knew that other predators roamed here; foxes, bobcats, even the tawny mountain lions. Picking up the hatbox, he hurried back to the car again. "We'd better get this baby somewhere quick," he announced, stepping on the starter.

Ed realized their obligations, so he drove directly to the Mesa police station. The force consisted then of heavy-set, jovial Joe Maier, technically a constable, faithfully on duty even though it was late Christmas Eve.

Mrs. Stewart, face strained in awe, walked into the station and plumped the foundling into Maier's lap.

"What in tunket's this?" he demanded.

"We found it on the desert, where some contemptible son of satan must have left it," Ed blurted. "If I ever catch whoever——"

"Hold on now!" The officer took over. "Simmer down and let me get the straight of this!"

It took some telling. Even then—Joe Maier was nonplused. The books on police procedure are explicit about how to function if somebody robs a bank, or murders a man, or steals a car. But what's to be done

Christmas Child

when excited citizens hand you a foundling on Christmas Eve?

Joe was trying to decide when in walked his friend, Deke LeBaron. Deke, somewhat older, had a suggestion: "Why don't you take her out to Ma Dana's for now?" And Deke was right. Mrs. Hugh Dana, as he put it, with no children of her own, operated "a kind of home for orphans and such, and loves everybody."

When they appeared at her front door she welcomed them warmly—then bawled them out. "Why didn't you come here directly?" she demanded. "Give me the precious little thing!" She reached for the baby. "Now, now, me darlin', a gift from God ye are, may the little Lord Jesus be praised this night!"

The adults watched from the doorway as she disappeared inside, already tending the strange little foundling. Then Joe Maier spoke.

"I got work to do!" he said grimly.

That's almost all there is to the story; the main part, anyway.

Joe sparked the police hunt that was under way before midnight. Who would abandon a baby on the desert? The news spread via radio and newspapers; the headlines dominated the dailies in Arizona and much of the nation Christmas morning. Searchers covered every inch of that wilderness area. Detectives hunted for any clue. But none was found.

Eventually, most people decided that a demented parent must have abandoned the baby; somebody with at least an instinct for love, for the baby was wrapped warmly and had been fed well.

Doctors said the little girl was no more than six days old and in perfect condition. She had bright red hair, eyes blue as sapphires, dimpled cheeks, and an adorable, pointed chin. Wherever she is today, she must be beautiful.

Ma Dana, under whose care the infant began to thrive, named her Marian for Mary, the mother of Jesus. Within 48 hours, more than 20 couples had asked to adopt the baby. The Dana phone rang constantly. More impressive still, crowds gathered. This child, remember, was found on Christmas Eve, so when people read their papers they drove to Mesa bearing figurative gold, frankincense, and myrrh. "If the Baby Jesus was to be born again," said one old man watching the eager crowd, "tain't likely Joseph and Mary would have to worry about a crowded inn. Just look at all these loving people!"

Among many Latin Americans of the region, the finding was a miracle. They crossed themselves and knelt in prayer, or came in what they felt might well be holy pilgrimages.

At least two Methodist pastors in

"She had one chance in a million to live—and she won!" said Every Week Magazine *in this March, 1932, feature story.*

YOUR Biggest Gift

WHAT is the greatest gift you can give? Not money, surely; to give money is easy. The greatest gift is yourself. To give yourself in loyal service to some great cause—encouragement or help for others—takes more than most of us are ready to sacrifice. And yet the rewards are priceless.

Consider, for example, an unsung Indiana schoolmaster of years ago. To his patient insight we owe the development of one of America's favorite poets. For this educator took a young backwoods ruffian, leader of what today would be considered a gang of juvenile delinquents, and helped him develop the flickering spark of poetry that burned within him. The boy: James Whitcomb Riley.

And Riley didn't forget. Years later, by then a famous poet, he was sought out by a Negro elevator boy in his hotel—a boy whom he had been told wrote poetry. But the boy had no samples to show him; whenever he wrote a poem he read it to his mother, then burned it. "Well," said Riley, "don't burn your next one. Bring it to me." The boy did—and just as the Hoosier schoolmaster had helped him, Riley proceeded to encourage Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Similarly, it was the selfless encouragement of Robert Burns that helped Walter Scott decide to try his hand as a writer. When Scott was a boy, Burns praised some verse he had written. Then, placing his hand on young Scott's head, Burns predicted a great future for the boy in literature. Years later, when Scott had become world-famous, he often remarked that he felt he had been ordained into literature the moment Burns personally recognized his talent.

To me, one of the greatest samples of what the gift of self means is found in James Russell Lowell's *The Vision of Sir Launfal,* the poetic story of the quest for the Holy Grail. Maybe you recall it: a proud knight in shining armor, mounted on a swift steed, haughtily tosses a coin to a roadside beggar as he rides off on his quest for the Grail. Years go by; the knight returns. His quest has ended in failure. His pockets are empty, armor rusted, pride gone. No longer disdainful, he dismounts by the beggar and shares his crust of bread with him.

And in that magical moment, the beggar takes on the likeness of Our Lord; the battered cup he holds, the Holy Grail. The knight has learned the truth of Lowell's treasured line, *The gift without the giver is bare.*

There, I think, is the point. The thoughtless gift of money is not enough. Giving of the self is what counts. By encouragement of others, by sharing, by helping; in hundreds of ways we are given the chance to give of ourselves to those about us. The rewards are intangible—but they are the greatest joys any human can know. —W. G. MONTGOMERY

Phoenix preached sermons on the event. Methodist laymen joined Baptists, Jews, Presbyterians, Catholics, and others in expressions of good will and offers of help. Layettes were made, money was offered, the outpouring everywhere was wonderful.

Also, the curious came, those who would simply stare. And the reporters—dozens, from several states—and photographers. But Ma Dana refused admission to almost all who asked to see the Christmas miracle child. She accepted only such gifts as were needed to make the baby's stay happier.

Meanwhile, of course, the wheels of legal procedure were in action. Baby Marian's case came before Judge E. L. Green of Pinal County Court, who was besieged by eager couples wanting the baby. Some were wealthy, some poor, most middle class. The judge admitted he was hard put to decide who should have her.

But he did make his decision. And then he added a fillip of "extra-legal" wisdom—he asked that reporters and public not be allowed to know who the new and permanent foster parents were. This was done at the request of the foster parents. Their wish was granted, and only a few ever knew Baby Marian's whereabouts.

By chance, I learned the new parents' names. I already knew the couple by reputation; quiet, decent people. It made my heart happier to know that Marian would have a superb chance for a good life.

And so the story subsided, although even today interest recurs in Arizona each Christmas Eve. About 10 years after the excitement, I grew curious to know how Marian was faring. So I picked up the phone and soon was speaking to the foster mother. The conversation was pleasant enough, but short.

"Please, I beg you," the mother pleaded, "continue to respect our wishes. Don't reveal where the baby is. We want her to grow up as a normal, happy girl, not as some freakish 'hatbox baby' or even as a 'Christmas child.' She has enriched our lives. She will be a good citizen as she matures. Very few ever suspect who she might be. Please, please don't ever tell."

I never will.

How an English Village Made a Christmas Card

By JEAN LOUISE SMITH

"OUR village ought to have its own Christmas card," remarked the Anglican vicar in the little English village of Hartley Wintney.

"Why not?" thought one of the women who overheard him. Turning the idea over in her mind, she recalled the painting, *The Song of Christmas*. In it, Dutch artist De Vriendt pictures Mary and her Baby in front of a 19th-century Dutch barn. Villagers stand by in reverence.

"Christ is born to every age in every place," she thought, "so why not in Hartley Wintney?" She told her idea to the vicar, who enthusiastically passed it along to the Methodist minister. A village Christmas card committee was quickly organized, and soon it was flooded with suggestions from both Methodists and Anglicans.

A Methodist mother and baby were selected to portray Mary and Jesus; a barn that had once been a stable was chosen as the location; a nurse, a Scout, an elderly couple, two cricketers, a farmer, a housewife, and some children were added to round out the picture.

The town druggist, an excellent cameraman, took the photograph during a sudden flood of sunshine on an otherwise rainy day, and the cards were produced simply and inexpensively. On them were the words: *If Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem were born, and not in thee, thy soul remains eternally forlorn.*

The people of Hartley Wintney realize that their idea is not completely original. But of one thing they are sure: Making the cards—and others each year since—has bound the villagers and their churches together in a very special and wonderful sort of way.

Hartley Wintney's Christmas card shows townsfolk viewing a tiny baby, much as it must have happened in Bethlehem so long ago.

This painting inspired the village's Christmas card.

Unusual

MOLDER OF CHAMPIONS. Only long-time fans with retentive minds remember the last time the Wyandotte High School Bulldogs lost a basketball game on their home court in Kansas City, Kans. It was back in 1953, the season Walt Shublom started as assistant coach. But since 1956, when he took over as head mentor, Wyandotte cagers have won four consecutive state championships (Class AA) and run up the phenomenal record of 108 victories against only 7 defeats—all away from home.

How did he build such an enviable record? By being a warm friend to his boys—and a strict taskmaster. Coach Shublom tolerates only the highest ideals, demands earnest scholastic effort as well as rigorous physical training. Well-liked and respected by players, students, and parents, Shublom has an especially enthusiastic following at Washington Avenue Methodist Church, where he serves on the official board and teaches the seventh-grade church-school class.

SANTA'S HELPERS. The year was 1930, and Autaugaville, Ala.—like the rest of the nation—was in the strangle hold of the depression. At their general store on Christmas morning, Edward and Ercille Pearson surveyed shelves stacked with unsold merchandise—toys, candy, fruit, and nuts. The holiday season had been far from prosperous. But the Pearsons agreed the spirit of Christmas could not die—not even in depression days. Briskly clearing shelves, they packaged toys and goodies in family-sized bundles, then distributed them to almost every home within a five-mile radius of Autaugaville.

The Pearsons will hand out gifts again this month—their 31st consecutive year. They now reserve Christmas Day for their own family; December 26 is for Autaugaville. It starts with open house for employees of the Pearsons' broom factory. Then, with friends in gift-loaded cars, they visit about 50 places where groups wait the arrival of the Pearsons and a generous, white-whiskered Santa Claus. By sundown some 1,200 children and adults will have received gifts.

Devoted members of Autaugaville Methodist Church, Mr. and Mrs. Pearson say that in giving they have found their richest Christmas joy.

Methodists

CARETAKER OF HISTORY. When Robert H. Fowler went to press with a new magazine in April, 1959, it was a spare-time project—one he directed from his home in Mechanicsburg, Pa. Within months, however, the publication mushroomed into a full-time responsibility. Resigning his newspaper job, Fowler plunged full time into editing the infant *Civil War Times.*

What's new about a war which started almost 100 years ago? Plenty! Researchers continually are digging up new materials, and historians are equally persistent in re-evaluating personalities and events which shaped this crucial era. Fowler's scholarly but sprightly publication, illustrated with authentic Civil War photographs, maps, and drawings, has attracted history buffs all over the U.S.

A North Carolinian by birth, Fowler and his wife are regular workers at Mechanicsburg Methodist Church where he has taught a class for young married couples and serves as chairman of membership and evangelism.

TWO MRS. AMERICAS. The selection of Mrs. Rosemary Murphy as "Mrs. America of 1961" moved possession of the front-ranking homemaker title from Iowa to Indiana—but it left the crown on a Methodist head. Both Mrs. Murphy, of Kentland, Ind., (at left in picture) and her predecessor, Mrs. Margaret Priebe of Des Moines, Iowa, are regular Methodist churchgoers.

Mrs. Murphy, whose husband, George E., is manager of a freight terminal in Kentland, is mother of 4 sons and 1 daughter, ranging in age from 2 to 10 years. Last year's crown wearer, returning to her full-time job as Mrs. L. Clark Priebe, is the wife of a Des Moines purchasing agent. They have 2 sons and 2 daughters, 4 to 16 years old, and attend Union Park Church in Des Moines.

To win the coveted Mrs. America title, both women topped competitors in stiff tests of homemaking skills—cooking, interior decorating, even laundering. Victory showered both with a glittering array of prizes. But that wasn't first in Mrs. Murphy's mind this year when her triumph was announced. The unassuming Hoosier housewife told a nationwide television audience that the first week of her reign would include attending church, as usual. She's a Sunday-morning regular in the choir loft at Kentland Methodist Church and has been since she was 16.

Once the game of baseball puzzled Moroccans. But now they form large rooting sections for Little League ball games.

TIKY-TIK THE ARAB hustled about, throwing the door of his small shop open to the bright air of the early Moroccan morning. The pungent smell of leather hassocks and purses mingled with the slightly acrid odor from the gold-colored brass trays on the shop's walls.

Humming a popular tune, he watched the sky brighten. White vapor trails marked the swift, slanting flights of U.S. Navy jets from the American base of Port Lyautey, not far from Tiky-Tik's main-street shop in Kenitra. Headed for support duty with the U.S. Navy's mighty Sixth Fleet elements in the Mediterranean, the jets seemed alien to the Moroccan landscape. Built for fighting, they contrasted sharply to Tiky-Tik's little shop.

Yet the Arab shopkeeper with the improbable name and the belligerent jets are connected. Once the Moroccan worked for the Americans at Port Lyautey Naval Base, but changes in the needs for workers left him out of a job.

His real name probably isn't Tiky-Tik at all. It may be Moulay or Ibrahim. But the friendly Americans know him as Tiky-Tik. They liked him so well that some of them chipped in to help him open his shop after he lost his job at Port Lyautey.

The jets bear loud witness to Port Lyautey's warlike business, as do the lumbering air transports which fly cargo and mail to Navy bases in Europe and the Mediterranean. But, strangely, the American good turn for Tiky-Tik—and other similar deeds—may prove more valuable in the long run than the job Navy aircraft do from the Port Lyautey base.

The spontaneous good will and friendship shown to Morocco and its people might be called Port Lyautey's "quiet revolution." Capt. J. L. Counihan, the fighting man who commands the base facilities, considers this more important in the over-all picture than A-bombs or intercontinental missiles.

Americans at Port Lyautey are forming a solid foundation for understanding and friendly relations between Africa and America. Without fanfare or widespread publicity, a good-will program is in full swing which may help halt the creeping advance of Communism in newly independent African nations.

A few blocks up the hill from the concrete airstrips of Port Lyautey is the base elementary and high school. American youngsters dressed in typical U.S. fashion pass robed and veiled Moroccan women as they walk to school.

Inside a high-school history classroom, an American teacher talks about the American Revolution and the Declaration of Independence. One student, curly-haired and a little darker than the rest, listens carefully. He is a quiet boy named El Hasnaoui ben Laabdia. The name is long, but the opportunities have been in short supply for this young Moroccan. An orphan, he was adopted by a Marine Corps company which has its barracks a short distance from the school. Capt. John Fredill of Leona, Kans., took him into his home.

The Moroccan teen-ager doesn't want to talk about his childhood. His father died, and the family prop-

In this Port Lyautey school, Moroccan and American children learn the Christmas story.

Simple American friendliness is building good will in

Port Lyautey's Quiet Revolution

By AL HESTER

erty was confiscated to pay debts. Ben Laabdia was placed in an orphanage at Kenitra until he was about 15.

"The orphanage generally can't take care of the youngsters after they get to be 15 years old," one Navy official explained. "This boy wouldn't have been able to complete high school if the orphanage had been forced to release him. He would have been just another day laborer."

But Lieut. Comdr. Leon Blair, Port Lyautey's public-information officer, heard about the plight of ben Laabdia and other bright youngsters at the orphanage who wouldn't be able to complete their education. Comdr. Blair's son, Chris, who goes to a Moroccan school himself, called attention to the orphans' problems.

Without red tape, some of the Moroccan orphans were placed in Port Lyautey's American high school. When they graduate, some will receive college scholarships; others will obtain good jobs, since high-school graduates are rare in Morocco.

Not only were youngsters from the orphanage welcomed into schools, but they were taken into American homes on the base. It's a safe bet that these children, soon to take their places among Morocco's leaders, will have a warm feeling for America—something missiles, money, or speeches can't create.

The B. L. Price family, from La Plata, Md., where they attended the United Methodist Church, are enthusiastic about the chance they have at Port Lyautey to help in the good-will program at the Navy base.

"We became interested in helping out when Capt. Counihan said that the base would encourage a "people-to-people program," says Price. "Ten Moroccan students were given permission to enter the school on the base. We decided to take Hammadi Mansour, a 17-year-old boy from the orphanage.

"Frankly, we have not taught him anything—he has taught us. His ability to adjust to an American home has been remarkable. The children love him—especially Bonnie, who is 5. He is so patient and interested in their activities."

While the Prices do nothing to coerce Hammadi to their religion, he has been interested in the Christian way of living.

"He has visited the chapel here with us," says Mrs. Price, "and was especially interested in the Christmas program. He was most impressed by our American Christmas at home when we exchanged gifts.

"He also likes our custom of saying the blessing before meals, and joins in with our little girl when she says: *Thank you for the food we eat, thank you for the world so sweet, thank you for the birds that sing, thank you, God, for everything.*"

Hammadi, with an exquisite courtesy which is apparent in his everyday life, told the Prices that during the month of Ramadan—the Moslem holy season—he would return to the orphanage so he wouldn't bother them as he celebrated the season. Moslems do not eat or drink during the day while Ramadan is being celebrated. Only at night are they free to break their fast.

"We missed him terribly," Mrs. Price recalls.

After Hammadi returned, the Prices planned a special Easter vacation, taking him to Spain and Portugal with them. Hammadi, moved by the good will he has seen at Port Lyautey, now goes every week to the orphanage to show the youngsters there U.S. Information Service films.

"He takes great pride in sharing some of his new information about America," say the Prices.

The Prices are convinced that the warm personal contact existing between Americans and Moroccans at Port Lyautey is important.

"There is almost no anti-American sentiment in Morocco, and I believe that this proves the program is a success," says Price. He cites the aid given Moroccans in the Agadir earthquake, when Port Lyautey's hospital facilities were made available to all who needed them. King Mohammed V of Morocco visited the base to express appreciation for the work done there and for the good-will program.

There were never any detailed instructions from the Pentagon telling Capt. Counihan or Comdr. Blair to mix and mingle with Moroccan people. The phenomenally good relations are due to American friendliness, a quality at which cynical Europeans often sneer, but which abundantly exists at Port Lyautey.

"In all, the Navy has made 20

King Mohammed V of Morocco chats with Port Lyautey Girl Scouts in a typical show of friendliness.

"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

A Bible-school teacher asked each of her little folks to recite one verse. One eight-year-old offered his: "Go ye into all the world and spread the gossip."
—Mrs. L. E. Armour, *Pleasant Hill, La.*

The sexton, in laying new carpet on the pulpit platform, left some tacks on the floor.

"Jim," asked the parson, "what would happen if I stepped on one of them in the middle of my sermon?"

"Well," said the sexton, "I reckon there'd be one point you wouldn't linger on."
—Mrs. Elmer Stowell, *Juneau, Wis.*

Jeanette, four, and Billy, three, were discussing the forthcoming Baptism of their infant sister.

"They don't 'low you to talk in church," warned Billy.

"Who doesn't?"

"The hushers."
—Mrs. S. F. Matthews, *York, Pa.*

The Sunday-school class had been asked to draw a picture depicting *America the Beautiful.* Jimmy showed the teacher his creation, a field of yellow corn, blue skies, and purple mountains.

"But what's that?" she asked, pointing to what looked like an airplane covered with apples, oranges, and bananas.

"That," Jimmy explained, "is the fruited plane."
—Mrs. Robert Boswell, Jr., *Owensboro, Ky.*

The clergyman was disturbed by some noisy persons during his sermon. Being an expert in human relations, he did not scold or show anger, but said quietly:

"I am always reluctant to expose those who misbehave during services because of an experience I had years ago.

"A young man sat in front of me, laughing and making grimaces. I was annoyed and severely rebuked him. Later I was told that I had made a grave mistake. The man I reproved was an idiot."

The noisemaking subsided.
—A. W. Johnson, *Lexington, Ky.*

Parking my car, I brushed the tail fin on a shiny new auto. Though the lady who owned it insisted that the damage was nil, I gave her one of my cards, on which I jot messages to leave at homes of my parishioners when they are not in.

I told her that if repairs were needed she should send me the bill. Then I drove away. Moments later, I remembered I had given her a card with the message, "I'm sorry I missed you. I'll try again another time."
—Floyd Millard, *Lowville, N.Y.*

When my daughter was 6 and her brother 8, we were traveling over a high mountain pass. The clouds were low; we felt we were right up in the sky. My husband pulled the car into a parking ledge and we sat, quietly feeling the beauty around us. Janice, in a voice filled with awe, asked, "Mommy, can we see God from up here?"

Before I could answer, Steve said seriously, "No, but if Daddy drives one foot farther on this ledge we will!"
—Mrs. Jack C. Graham, *Wichita, Kan.*

A missionary traveling in the jungle met a lion. Fearing for his life, he fell to his knees in anxious prayer—and was comforted to see the lion fall to his knees beside him. "Brother Lion," the missionary said with relief, "how delightful that you join me in prayer when a moment ago I feared for my life."

"Don't interrupt," snapped the lion, "when I'm saying grace."
—Mrs. Harlan Gregory, *St. Petersburg, Fla.*

Why not share your favorite church-related chuckle with Together? *If it is printed, you'll receive $5. Sorry —no contributions can be returned, so please don't enclose postage.*—Eds.

buildings available to the Moroccans in their own communities for use as schools," Comdr. Blair says. "There are six quonset huts for school use in Kenitra alone." During the day, 14 Navy wives teach English in different Moroccan schools.

Naval Air Reserve squadrons visiting Port Lyautey on training missions from the U.S. have increased good will in Morocco, too. Each group has brought friendship gifts to the Moroccan people and their king. A Dallas, Tex., reserve squadron even brought seven prairie dogs and several hundred pecan trees.

Time is running out for Americans to make friends in Morocco, however; the Moroccan government has asked that our air bases there be discontinued. Moroccans, as fiercely independent as were Americans after the Revolutionary War, understandably don't want foreign troops stationed on their soil.

"Although we like Americans, we can't let them stay while we tell the French and Spanish to leave," one Moroccan explained.

King Mohammed, the popular Moroccan ruler, likes the West and its ways despite his exile by France and ill treatment during his country's colonial period. His cordial attitude is due at least in part to the help his people have received and the friendship freely given by Port Lyautey families. The king frequently attends events with Americans and has received Port Lyautey's Brownie and Girl Scout troops. His daughter, Princess Lalla Aisha, is an enthusiastic fan of the base's Little League baseball team.

Capt. Counihan, on the porch of his hillside house overlooking the rolling Moroccan countryside he has come to love, told me he is grateful that here U.S. forces have made a conquest that is constructive rather than destructive.

"Weapons are transient," he said, philosophically. "People and what we do for them are the permanent things."

Expressions of Moroccan-American good will, coming from all quarters, are an important force for peace in an emerging area of the world. But perhaps the most striking example comes from a semieducated Arab shopkeeper called Tiky-Tik—"Americans, true friends," he says.

Six Months' Treatment for the Blues

By GEORGIA C. NICHOLAS

Today's cure: a vigorous walk with no objective.

WHAT happened to *you* today? What made this day any different from yesterday or the day before? Think hard. If you must shrug and answer, "Nothing," if you can't savor the thought of tomorrow with pleasant anticipation, then you'd better face it:

You're bored! You're blue!

You are suffering from an ailment commoner than the common cold. But it's far more easily cured. Here's the prescription:

Take 26 blank cards. On each, write an order to yourself taken from the suggestions below—or dream some up to suit yourself. Set aside a day each week when you will carry out one activity. Shuffle the cards and place them in an envelope. Without peeking, draw one. That's your order for this week. Here are suggestions for the cards:

Take a walk with no objective, a longer walk than you've taken in five years.

Go to a baseball, football, or basketball game. Pick a team and root for it—vigorously.

In addition to your regular services, attend a strange church. Stroll in as if you belonged; you'll be welcome.

Attend a boxing or wrestling match. Observe spectators as well as contestants.

Read a book on a subject you know nothing about.

Try a new activity—swimming, rowing, riding a horse or bicycle.

Follow through or repeat last week's activity.

Invite someone to join you in a repeat of the activity you did two weeks ago.

Write to a friend you haven't seen in more than five years.

Get out all your snapshots and mount them in an album, or sort them into labeled envelopes—or throw them out.

Search your home for things you haven't used in 13 months (make it 12 if you're superstitious) and give them away.

Pick up a newspaper or a late issue of TOGETHER, find a subject you liked or disliked, and write the editor.

Get a book from the library about your job—and read it.

Pack a lunch, head for the woods, and commune with nature while you eat.

Call on your nearest neighbor.

Telephone a casual acquaintance and invite him or her to visit you.

Send or take a gift to someone in a hospital or institution. If you don't know anyone, address it to the oldest resident.

Make an anonymous contribution—bigger than you've ever made before—to charity.

Do something musical; attend a concert, buy a mouth organ or harp, and practice a favorite song.

Attend the nearest art exhibit.

Start a round-robin letter to scattered members of the family or to old classmates.

Go to the best restaurant in 20 miles and order a de luxe dinner.

Start a collection of rocks, stamps, post cards—anything that strikes your fancy.

Find a compliment to pay to each person you talk to, whether it be on a necktie or a new home.

Plant something—a flower in a pot on the kitchen window sill or a new evergreen shrub on the front lawn. Care for it and watch it grow.

Walk by a schoolyard at midday, watching and listening as the youngsters play.

Find something around the house that needs painting and do it with a bold, really different color.

Visit a place you've never seen before.

Plan your dream trip. Visit a travel bureau, ask questions, plan in detail. Maybe tomorrow it won't be a dream any longer.

Those are my suggested cures. Most are based on two sound principles—getting out of yourself by focusing attention on others, or trying something really different.

So next time you get the feeling that "nothing ever happens" to chase the blues, the answer is simple:

Make it happen.

A mother's Christmas-morning contemplation.

Footsteps on the Stairs

A Together in the Home Feature **By KATHLEEN DAVIS**

IT'S EARLY Christmas morning. Any minute now, I'll hear footsteps pounding down the stairs. My three children will come chattering into the living room, eyes bright and red cheeks balled by smiles. Right behind them will be my husband, seemingly more reserved, actually just as excited.

There was just enough light to see the clock when I crept out of bed a little while ago and slipped into my favorite new flannel robe. The house was so quiet I hated to make even sly noises as I tiptoed away. But I had things to do. For once, I'd decided, I'd attend to bits of Christmas preparation I've always intended doing before the family awakens.

I padded silently down the stairs and turned on the tree lights, all pink this year. Doug, our eldest, chose and arranged them. The logs and shavings were in the fireplace where Mike, our next in line, put them last night. With just one match I soon had a cheery fire. Pulling chairs close to the warm glow for our Christmas-morning devotions, I yawned, stifling the urge to curl up and doze in my husband Tom's chair.

In the kitchen, I spread the red cloth on the table. Sue, our youngest, made it especially for Christmas breakfast. With our fat bayberry candle lighted and the coffee perking merrily, I got out the surprise pecan rolls. Sue and I made them yesterday. There's a foil-covered bell in each which will jingle as we pick them up—we hope! At long last, with orange juice chilling and table set, I could finally yield to the comfort of Tom's overstuffed red-leather chair before the fire.

Here I am—wiggling my toes comfortably, slipping into a reverie, letting my mind saunter back through the 40 Christmases I've known. If only the next 40 are as happy! They must always be so for my loved ones.

But why think of this joy merely for Christmas? Shouldn't it set the pattern for the entire year, being renewed, intensified, and strengthened each Christmas?

As I think of why I am happy, I realize that joy comes partly from a sense of fulfillment we experience as we give ourselves at Christmas time. Partly, too, it's anticipation of our children's excitement as they open their gifts. But as I watch the flames flutter in the fireplace, I realize that for me the beating heart of my Christmas joy is memories.

I remember the Christmases of my childhood, when I was younger than my daughter is now. The crisp sound of sleigh bells . . . Grandfather's voice outside my snow-crusted window as he pretended to be Santa Claus on Christmas Eve . . . sleighing to church on a frosty December 25th . . . the glowing face of the Sunday-school teacher who gave us striped bags of ribbon candy and chocolate drops and sugar-cream "mice." I realize now that what I loved about that teacher was the *love* on her face. It was the kind of love any woman radiates as she serves children to her utmost.

I remember a shiny new sled with a whole quarter on it. Such riches! And the Christmas of the jointed wooden doll that stood by itself. Remembering, I now understand the happiness of my mother's face as she watched me, because I can feel the tugs on my own heartstrings and a mist in my own eyes as I watch Doug and Mike and Sue.

Very soon now, as they come excitedly down the stairs, I'll feel it again—as someday I hope they will feel it with their own youngsters.

Oh, so many memories come crowding in! I recall the glow on Sue's face when, as a small girl, she made me a gift of love and self—a recipe holder of brightly painted paper plates, bound with red-wool yarn. "I made it all myself, Mommy!" she piped.

There was that time we five squeezed into space for four in a church sanctuary filled with Christmas-morning worshipers. Mike, then seven, *would* have to come out with, "Hey, Mom, the preacher's the only one who isn't crowded!"

Just last year, too, our traditional Christmas Eve oyster stew simmered impatiently as we waited for Doug. Hungry as we were, we didn't want to begin without him.

Finally, he hurried in the door and up the stairs with only a low-keyed "Hi." I rushed after him, intent on a reprimand—then saw my face in the mirror. What an un-Christmaslike face! I managed to hold myself in check.

Next morning, as I unwrapped a beautiful milk-glass vase "from Doug," he answered my exclamation of pleased surprise with: "It took a long time, Mom, to find just what I wanted. Sorry you had to wait supper last night. Thanks for not telling me off."

I remember his grin. And I remember answering with a smile that said, "I love you, Doug." Spoken words would have embarrassed the boy who had so suddenly become a young man.

The eye of my mind is seeing another Christmas Sunday—the one when the young folks of our church conducted the service. I sat in the sanctuary with my husband and he slipped his hand over mine as Doug's

young voice, ringing with faith, filled the church: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only Son, that whoever believes in him should not perish but have eternal life." (John 3:16.)

Yes, I tell myself as I poke the fire, it really is memories such as these that make each Christmas richer. Pleased as Doug and Sue and Mike may soon be with their respective camera, paints, and camping equipment, I believe their happiest memories of this Christmas will grow from pleasures other than gifts. The tangible gifts we give aren't half so important as the opportunities to create happy memories.

One of Sue's pleasantest may be of that afternoon she spent addressing Christmas cards for elderly Miss Carter, who had a broken arm. And when Tom sees the leather wallet Mike has made for him, his pleasure will be so obvious that Mike will never be able to forget it.

And I hope that last night's midnight candle-lighting service at church will be a special memory for Doug. I was glad that he asked his girl friend, Judy, to come with us. How beautifully intent their faces were as they sang *Silent Night!*

Now, in the early quiet of this eagerly awaited day, I think of another mother who was awake early on another Christmas Day—the first one.

As Mary held her infant in reverent joy, she must have been remembering too, remembering a promise which had become Christmas: "'. . . you will conceive in your womb and bear a son, and you shall call his name Jesus. . . . and of his kingdom there will be no end.'" (Luke 1:31, 33.)

That was almost 2,000 years ago, yet how tenderly and gratefully we remember the day.

Much has changed since then. We need only to look around us for the comparison between our fully heated houses with two-car garages and the lowly manger. But then, nothing ever remains the same for more than an instant.

We grow older and our tastes and attitudes change with us. Our children mature and gradually leave us to carve their own niche in an ever-growing world. New inventions take hardships from our everyday lives.

In the face of such change and need for adjustment, how satisfying, how gratifying it is to know that there's at least one time of the year when man's heart goes out to other men—when there is such joy and thankfulness and reverence.

Thank you, God, for today and for the faith that, whatever changes come, Christmas is always Christmas.

Thank you, too, for this precious moment of contemplation, and . . .

Yes, dear Lord, especially I thank you for the dear footsteps I now hear coming down the stairs.

"At long last, I could finally yield to the comfort of Tom's overstuffed leather chair."

From her notebook, memories of that special day . . .

When Mother Was Santa

By ANNA LOUISE ARNOTT

DECEMBER 15, Noon: Even though I had good reason for dialing the number, I was a little frightened. They'd never hire a woman, I was sure. Then, over the wire came a stern masculine voice: "Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Clark speaking."

"This is Mrs. Bonnell," I began. "I saw your notice in the paper about not being able to find a Santa Claus."

"Yes."

"I wondered whether you'd found one."

"Not yet, know somebody?"

"No, but——" I forced myself to take the plunge. "I'm a mother of teen-agers, I love all children, and I like to act."

Mr. Clark hesitated. "You mean you want to be Mrs. Santa? Pinch-hit for Santa Claus? But we've only got the man's suit and——"

"No, I'd like to be Santa."

There was no answer. So: "I can throw my voice down deep." To illustrate, I rumbled. "I've done a lot of play-acting." "We've never hired a woman before." Mr. Clark sounded as if he were laughing at me. "We'll give that notice asking for a male Santa one more try today. I'll phone you in the morning."

Timidly I asked, "Could you phone me either way you decide?"

"O.K."

December 15, Evening: I told the family about Santa at dinner tonight. It was only fair, I thought, if there's a chance I'll be unavailable for taxiing and errands for five afternoons before Christmas.

"They'll guess you're a woman," decided 16-year-old Ted. "Besides, your eyes aren't blue, you're not fat, and your voice is too high."

"Some Santas have brown eyes," I argued. "I can make myself plump with pillows. And," I spoke in the man's tone I'd practiced, "my voice can be deep."

"You're too kind to people," Ted continued. "Kids have to be a bit scared of Santa."

"How much time will this take?" my husband asked.

"Two hours on five afternoons." I discreetly didn't mention the hour and a half for dressing and driving to and from town.

"Is it worth while?" he persisted.

There were many reasons why I thought it was. To be with small children again; for the fun and adventure of acting the part, but most of all because I had the feeling that here I would rediscover the essence of Christmas.

"I think it is," I said firmly.

Linda, 13, threw her arms around me. "How wonderful, Mommy! I never dreamed you'd do this." Then: "Of course, I'd be embarrassed to death if any of my friends knew it was my mother."

"You three are the only ones who'll know," I promised.

December 16, Noon: I was still doing breakfast dishes when Mr. Clark phoned. "Could you come to my office in about an hour?" he asked me. I assured him I'd be glad to. I didn't know whether Mr. Clark was merely going to talk to me, whether I was to be a pinch-hit Santa, or whether I could be Santa himself.

So that I would look fatter, I dressed in a full skirt and baggy sweater. I pinned up my hair to keep it from curling around my face. I stuffed two pillows into a suitcase; I might need them if they let me try on Santa's outfit. Then I drove into town.

At the Chamber of Commerce I was shown into the ladies' lounge, where a woman was unpacking a large box.

"I'm Mrs. Clark," she introduced herself, "and I'm going to help you dress. Imagine a mother's being Santa!" She seemed to assume that I had the assignment.

Together we fitted the full trousers and pulled on the boots. With a wide black belt she strapped my pillows tight under the red jacket. She showed me how to wear a helmet-like, one-piece wig and beard.

I looked into the mirror. Under my thick eyebrows pencilled grayish white, my eyes winked at me—full of secrets. "I do look like Santa!" I exclaimed happily.

"Of course." Mrs. Clark directed me to a big chair, which was to be moved to the house on the green.

I placed my boots wide apart and my hands on the chair arms.

Mrs. Clark called over her shoulder: "Clarence!" A tall, severe-looking man appeared in the doorway. Here was my first test.

"How are you, my little lad, and what are you wishing for?" I boomed at him. His lined face smiled. "You're making town history, Mrs. Bonnell. Our first woman Santa!" He looked at me again and chuckled. "You begin Tuesday. I've arranged for a dressing room just across the street from the green."

I nodded. In my excitement, I was afraid that my voice might climb from baritone to soprano and Mr. Clark might change his mind.

"Here I am, installed in my big chair waiting for my first visitors. 'You look great,' Bill says. 'Your secret's safe.'"

December 20, my first day: I'm writing in Santa's notebook while waiting for visitors. Here I am, installed in my big chair in the little red clapboard house. A path has been shoveled to the entrance door; at the exit it continues out through the snowy park.

Bill, the policeman, enters. "You look great," he says. "Your secret's safe with me. I'll be in and out if you need me for anything." He shows me how to use the record player and *God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen* croons over the park. "When you've got too many kids, I'll run the machine," he promises.

Now, here come my first visitors—a mother, holding a baby and leading a little girl.

"Go right up," the mother urges. "Santa is not going to eat you."

December 21: The end of my second day—and I've had plenty of visitors. Both evenings my own children have asked, "What do the kids wish for?" so I'm keeping a list in my Santa's notebook.

My first frightened visitor asked for a rattle for her baby sister. Another girl politely shook my hand and announced, "I want a trip to Florida." (Her mother nodded.) A small boy, coming alone, said he was wishing for a hamburger. (I found out from Bill where he lives and I will see that he gets a package of meat.)

One plump little girl recited the names of all her dolls: "Mary Ellen, Lucinda, Robbie, Dick, and Janie." She'd like new clothes for them all. Then, while I was listening to a small boy's description of a special train "with lights inside of it and daddies coming out the door," the girl came back, sobbing. She'd forgotten to mention Geraldine. "She's the oldest, with a rash on her face," she explained.

Occasionally, of course, we get a boy who, as Bill says, "is wise to Santa and likes to show it." Today one burly nine-year-old yelled, "I want the *Queen Mary!*"

Bill had him outside shoveling snow, in a jiffy.

On the other hand a few children, too shy to talk, give me their hand, smile sideways, and look at the Christmas tree.

One boy of five whispered his wish: "A big Christmas tree." His mother prodded him to "tell Santa something else," but he merely fingered a gold ornament and re-

8 Practical Ways to Put Christ Back in Your Christmas

EACH CHRISTMAS season there are shouts of "Commercialism!" and "Put Christ back in Christmas!" But if these shouters stopped long enough to ask humbly, "How can I put Christ in *my* Christmas?" they could be guided by these suggestions:

1. Attend the services in your church.

2. Give gifts to those outside your circle of family and friends who cannot repay you in kind. Break the habit of gift swapping.

3. Write a note of appreciation to someone who, during the year, did some outstanding public work in an unselfish manner, or whose words or deeds were an inspiration to you. Written words are especially appreciated.

4. Phone or call on some lonely person and wish him a Merry Christmas. You may be his only caller the whole season.

5. Send a cash gift through a church or charitable channel to needy people overseas. You will be helping people who will never know their benefactor. Remember, when you give alms, give them in secret, and "your Father who sees in secret will reward you." (Matthew 6:4.)

6. Invite someone to eat Christmas dinner with you—a foreign student, perhaps, who cannot repay you in kind. Remember also that "When you give a feast, invite the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, and you will be blessed, because they cannot repay you." (Luke 14:13-14.)

7. Provide your minister with a cash gift for someone in need, specifying that he not reveal your name.

8. Get down on your knees and thank God that you are living in a land so blessed with riches that it is possible for you to be on the giving instead of the receiving end!

—GRAHAM R. HODGES

peated, "Just a Christmas tree."

I understood his wish. It's what we all long for—the wonder and magic and beauty of Christmas.

December 23: At the end of the afternoon I walked across the park to a lot filled with Christmas trees. I strode slowly in my Santa Claus boots, handing out caramels and tinsel decorations to the children.

Suddenly a worn-looking woman with a scarf over her head approached. In a foreign accent, she made me understand that she wanted Santa to visit her invalid child, who had to learn to walk again. "We pay you," she promised brokenly as she handed me an address written in purple ink. I assured her I'd be there, but explained that Santa could take no pay. . . .

I'm back from my visit now. I'm watching a stew in my kitchen while I write in the Santa notebook.

On the fourth floor of a tenement, Mrs. Winkleman—that, I learned, was the worried mother's name—opened her kitchen door and led me through two unheated rooms to Rosa's bed.

A wan-faced little girl propped up with pillows said solemnly, "Hi," and Mrs. Winkleman motioned me to a chair next to an electric heater.

"I leave you, Rosa, for a nice visit with Santa Claus," she said to the child. For a moment she stroked the crutches at the foot of the bed while she looked at me beseechingly. I tried to guess what she wanted. I felt as if I was being asked for something outside of my Santa Claus role.

Luckily, Rosa was eager to talk. "I know you sit on the village green next to a big Christmas tree. I'd like one, too—over there." She waved to the other end of the room.

I promised I'd remember. "And do you have another wish?"

"A box of paints."

Because most children expected it, I asked, "Have you been a good girl?" She slid down in the bed, turning her face sideways. "The crutches. They hurt. I don't use them when Mr. Doctor tells me to."

I began to understand what Mrs. Winkleman wanted. "Would you like to give your mother a present?" I asked so gently that my voice was almost not like Santa's.

Rosa sat up eagerly. "You mean you bring it to me and I give it?"

"No, Rosa. Something much better. You try to walk with your doctor's help tonight and tomorrow. And on Christmas Day you walk to a chair under the tree. That's your mother's present."

Rosa made a face. "I'll hurt." Then, slowly. "But I'll try—for Mama's present."

On my way downstairs, on every floor I saw children's heads peeking from doorways. I left a scattering of caramels and a small pile of decorations on each top step. And I found myself wishing that Santa had an even greater power than giving gifts—that of making people well.

December 24: The afternoon of Christmas Eve. I have had few visitors. Most children are at home, wrapping small gifts for their parents or helping with the baking and decorating.

Bill's wife has sent me a box of Christmas goodies and a note: "I thought you wouldn't have time for extras yourself."

As I take the package in from my entrance, where it was left, I see a thin snow sleeting across the streets. Soon I'll be going home. I won't bother changing my clothes; I'll drive in my Santa suit.

Ted will have brought in our tree that has stood for a week, lashed to an oak in the yard. Mixed with the smell of pine, will be hints of vanilla and ginger from Linda's baking. And my husband will be banging at the door, his arms laden with the surprises he always leaves to the last.

Many Christmases are mine this year. Pictures will flash in between the light of our tree: a little girl smiling at her baby sister and her first rattle; another smoothing the clothes of six doll children; the wonder in the eyes of a boy looking up at his own tree, Rosa's set face as she drags herself on her crutches—and her mother's joy.

Playing Santa has shown me something that is always there, but that is intensified by Christmas—the love people have, one for another. And because of this love I will feel certain, as we set our small crèche on the pine-decorated mantel, that many are ready to follow Him who will be born again tonight.

Here's an idea for a new family tradition:

Hang Your Memories on a Christmas Tree!

By Marge Engelman

HAVE YOU ever thought of hanging memories on your Christmas tree? We've done it ever since our marriage, using tiny symbols of each year's most treasured experience.

For our first year, there hangs on our tree a plain gold wedding ring. This one was found on my parents' farm and so has the added value of reminding us of happy childhood days.

For the second year, there's a snapshot of our first church, a student charge at Kirkland, Ill. It was a wonderful church that accepted us with all our immaturity, problems, and impulsive ideas, and helped us gain self-confidence.

Then there is the toy car, reminding us of the many hours we spent traveling to and from seminary—snow-blocked roads, empty gas tanks, lack of sleep. And the miniature diploma, symbol of my then-new scholastic degree.

Some years more than one important event happened. That was certainly true of our fourth year. Kenney, my husband, received his Bachelor of Divinity degree and our first child, a daughter, was born. For that eventful year we added a new little sheepskin for Kenney and a tiny ceramic angel for Ann.

The fifth year was harder. In the face of some seemingly insurmountable emotional problems, I found it necessary to seek psychiatric help, an experience which eventually proved to be rewarding. To symbolize it all, we finally settled on a small dollhouse couch.

Each year, too, we lovingly hang a small white picket fence on our tree, a remembrance of our church in Wautoma, Wis. It reminds us of Kenney's successful efforts to build a fence around the parsonage yard to keep our children off the highway. It also helps us remember the many fine people who came through the gate, bringing their problems, friendships, and love.

On the seventh year, we added a small white baby shoe, one of a pair which our 10½-pound baby boy was too chubby to wear. It also recalls the happy day on which that boy, Barth, was born.

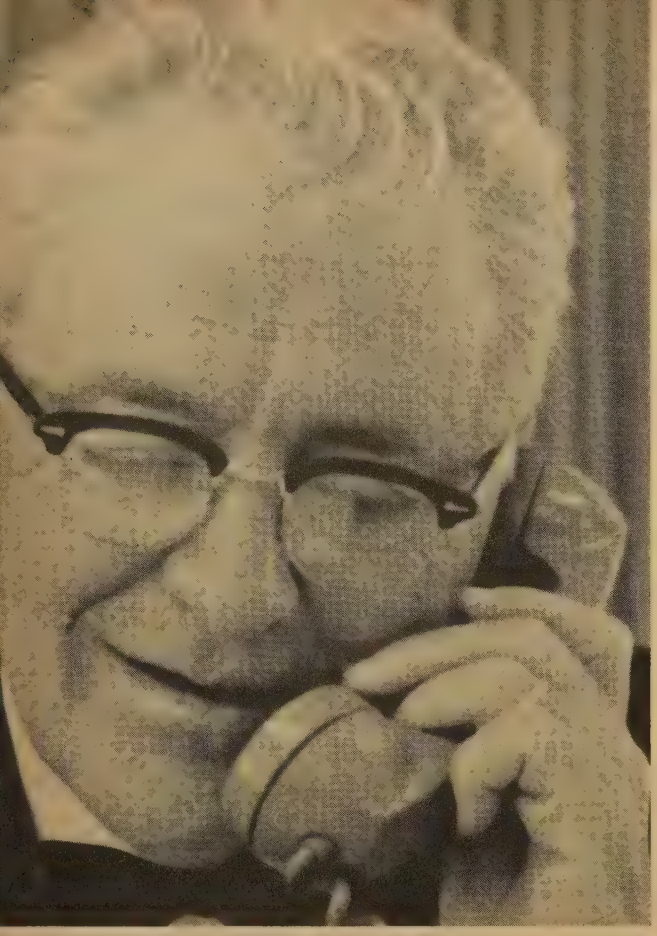
The year when all our family received the polio shots we added a toy hypodermic needle to our collection. That same year we made a January trip to Florida with a borrowed station wagon and trailer; now the toy tire on our tree brings many smiles as we remember the two new tires we had to buy out of our meager vacation fund.

Completing the payments on a $1,000 debt was a real accomplishment for the next year, our ninth as a family. A small purse conspicuously suspended from a low branch brings back this pleasant experience.

Last year we bought a cottage near a lake. Our small daughter casually named it, "Cottage-To-Live-In." This one-room structure is a haven of quiet and peace. Here we find time to stretch our minds and spirits. Here there is time also to stretch our bodies by raking leaves, cleaning up the beach, and swimming. Here we find time to pray under the stars with our children. The "Cottage-To-Live-In" on our tree is a dime-store toy house painted for closer resemblance to the original.

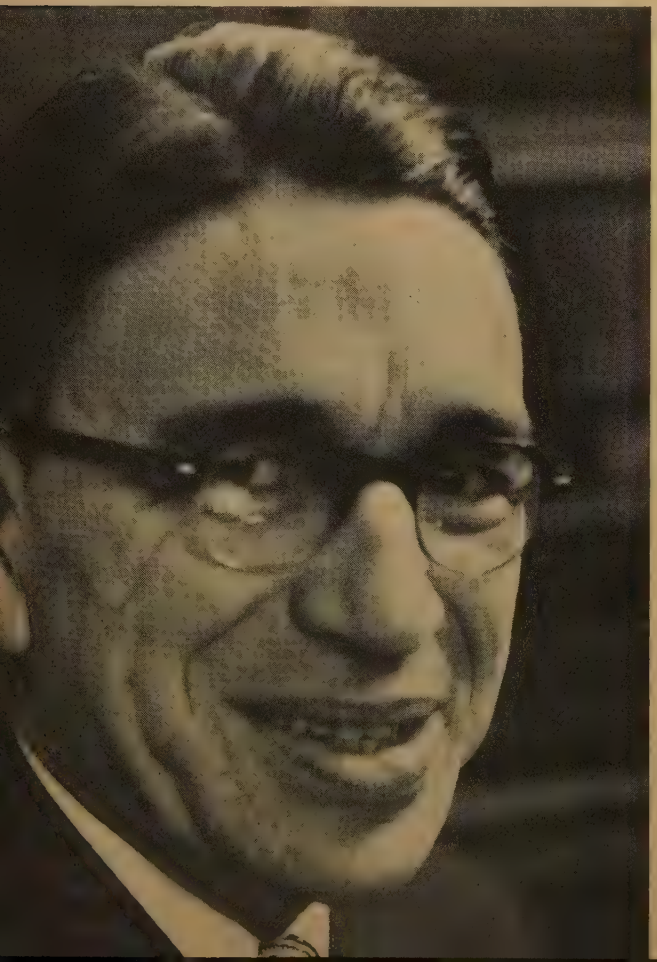
Last year, too, we moved to a new church and new friends. One of these, a lady named Ducklow, presented us with a tiny duck for our tree—with misgivings about "the conceit" of her wanting us to remember the year that we met them. That little duck will help us always to remember not only her family's warm friendship, but all the fine people we have met and the golden opportunities our new situation presented.

These are the memories we hang on our Christmas tree. How about you? Wouldn't you enjoy reliving the big events in your life each time you look at your tree? It's easy and it's fun.



James G. Patton, a Baptist, is president of the National Farmers Union.

Charles B. Shuman, a Methodist, is president of the American Farm Bureau Federation.



Should the U.S. Give Surplus Grain to Needy Countries?

"Food for Peace" is a slogan as winsome as a pre-Christmas child. But when it is translated into a program, even experts disagree.

About $4.5 billion worth of U.S. agricultural products went overseas during the 1959-60 fiscal year—that's about one sixth of all that U.S. farmers produced. Some 30 per cent of these exports moved outside regular commercial markets through special channels set up by our government to permit sales for foreign currencies, barter, and outright gifts by the government itself and by voluntary agencies.

Yet Uncle Sam still has enormous surpluses stored in those metal buildings so conspicuously clustered across America's fruited plains. Despite governmental limitations on land farmed, America at mid-1960 had 1.4 billion bushels of that most troublesome of the surplus crops, wheat. Just storage and financing of surplus agricultural products is costing more than $1.2 million a day. Some of these products are donated by the government to the Share Our Surplus program and other church and private relief agencies for distribution to hungry people abroad.

Could more of this carry-over be given away to the needy overseas in ways that would really help? That's the basic question we put to the presidents of America's two largest farm organizations. Here are their thoughtful answers.—YOUR EDITORS.

'Technical assistance would do more good'

. . . claims Charles B. Shuman

MANY PEOPLE believe that Uncle Sam is a miser, sitting on a huge hoard of food while millions around the world are starving. Such is hardly the case.

Any country unable to feed its hungry needs only to ask us for help; our President can act immediately. Outright gifts from our farm surplus stockpiles average about $125 million per year. And under Public Law 480, enacted in 1954, we accept a billion dollars a year in "soft" currencies of dollar-short nations as payment for surplus farm commodities.

To answer TOGETHER's question: Yes, we should share our abundance by giving surplus grain to needy nations. And that is exactly what we are doing! A more pertinent question would be: *Should this gift and discount sale program be expanded?* That is not a question to be answered entirely on sentimental grounds. Here are some hardheaded but pertinent facts to consider:

1. Most of the $9 billion worth of government-held surplus crops is not acceptable as human food—even for the hungry. Almost 60 per cent of the present U.S. stockpile consists of cotton, tobacco, and feed grains for livestock. Most of the remainder is wheat, not readily acceptable to the world's hungry rice eaters.

2. Giving surplus grain to needy nations does not ensure relief of hunger. Gifts and P.L. 480 sales are made from government to government, and often our grain is sold for cash to replenish a depleted national treasury. Hungry people have been used as an excuse to secure gifts or loans to bolster several sagging socialistic economies—at our expense!

Considerable evidence indicates that the most effective means of relieving hunger is through private and church relief organizations, not through government channels. Surplus stocks are available to these agencies, and in the past four years 101 countries have received more than $1 billion worth of commodities through these groups.*

3. Hunger results from low productivity, low purchasing power—not shortage of food. Ignorance and shortage of capital are the twin causes of low individual productivity, which causes a low standard of living and hunger. A relatively small expenditure for technical assistance to help increase native agricultural production will do more to relieve hunger than billions of surplus give aways.

4. Surplus dumping programs, either through gifts or P.L. 480, injure the domestic agricultural producers of the nations we intend to help. Even food-deficient nations depend upon their own farmers for most of their food. Great increases in our surplus disposal operations would weaken or destroy local markets and jeopardize basic food supplies. Surplus give-away programs not only discourage the needed food-production increases of these countries, but also depress world farm prices and injure the agriculture of competing nations. Any distribution program which amounts to dumping our surpluses abroad could scarcely be called a Christian use of food —or one conducive to peace.

Clearly, there are serious limitations on surplus disposal schemes. This does not mean that we should not continue or even expand our giving. But quite apart from their effects overseas, we should not expect such efforts to solve our farm problems at home. We have developed the ability to produce farm stocks far beyond marketable proportions. This capacity is a blessing, but if we use it to grow crops for storage in government warehouses we are wasting valuable natural resources.

Government-pricing and production-control programs have failed, but some politicians refuse to face that fact. This explains current agitation for huge foreign give-away programs. Those who favor continued government subsidies and regimentation of farmers want to sweep their mistakes under the foreign-aid rug.

The world's hunger and the U.S. farm problem are entirely separate matters. One is humanitarian, the other economic. As Christians we must be concerned so long as there is hunger in the midst of plenty. Paul's advice still speaks pertinently: "If I give away all I have, and if I deliver my body to be burned, but have not love, I gain nothing." (1 Corinthians 13:3.)

Considering the world's current population explosion, it is comforting indeed to know that vast potentials of food and fiber production remain untapped. If present technical and scientific knowledge were applied to all the world's tillable acres, we could produce enough food to maintain a level of nutrition equal to that of the U.S. for all the world's present people—plus millions yet to come. The keys that will unlock the doors of that new day are better education and training for people in backward areas, increased private-capital investment to build job-providing industry in underdeveloped countries, and healthy, expanding, two-way trade by all nations. Practicing the kind of love that Paul told the Corinthians about, Christian America can help provide these keys.

If we were to give away all our surplus supplies, the legions of hungry people would be reduced only slightly, only temporarily. Our capacity to feed others is limited; our ability to help others help themselves is not. Technical assistance, new schools, exchanges of people and ideas, and trade of goods are means to that end.

Shall we help relieve hunger in the underdeveloped areas of the world? Certainly! But let's be sure that we do it in a manner that will help them develop, not become permanently dependent on our charity.

* *The Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief participates through Church World Service, the joint Protestant program.*

'Yes, but gifts can be only temporary measures'

. . . asserts James G. Patton

THE QUESTION of giving away our surplus grain is actually two questions: *Do we have a moral responsibility to share our abundance?* And, *is it practical for us to try?* No other people in history have had to face

these issues. Never before has it been possible for any nation to produce enough food to eliminate the scourge of hunger everywhere.

The approach of Christmas, like no other time of year, makes us acutely aware of our country's material good fortune and keenly conscious of the social concern implicit in our religious faith. Few Bible quotations are more familiar—or more demanding on the Christian conscience—than the words of Jesus quoted by Luke: "Every one to whom much is given, of him will much be required . . ." (Luke 12:48.)

As one of the most fortunate "have" nations in the world, we Americans are indeed responsible for the millions who have not. Food-sharing programs under Public Law 480 and the establishment of a peace-food administration to co-ordinate efforts in this field are positive steps to meet this country's moral obligation to its less-developed world neighbors.

Let it be clearly understood, of course, that this is not just a responsibility of farmers. The burden of sharing our surpluses should be borne by all the people of our country through national policy. Farmers should participate the same as everyone else. What they or their city cousins choose to do through voluntary efforts like CARE, CROP, the Heifer Project, or church programs is an individual matter. Certainly these humanitarian projects deserve strong support. But the main gifts should be made by our government. Existing limited programs (including grants under P.L. 480) should be expanded and strengthened, and new programs and agencies established to permit the fullest possible use of U.S. productive capacity.

As I see it, the U.S. for many years will have more agricultural commodities than the commercial market will absorb. Our problem—and the challenge to our Christian morality—is to utilize them for the benefit of mankind.

Having accepted the dimensions of our moral responsibility, let us move on to the question of how we can make our food available where it is needed—without doing more damage in the long run than the good that can be done in an emergency situation. The first practical consideration is this: Can we afford to invest, say, a billion dollars in giving away agricultural commodities? One answer lies in the fact that we are already spending 75 cents of every federal tax dollar for defense. By comparison, the cost of supplying farm surpluses to the vast number of needy people overseas would be small.

Our defense dollars are committed to peace-preserving efforts. The peace mileage we would get out of these diverted dollars would far outdistance their value in military investments. Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois recently declared that a lack of competitive bidding on defense contracts fritters away two to three billion dollars a year. Wringing this water out of our defense budget and applying it to programs of distributing grain could cure two ills—nutritional deficiency abroad and fiscal waste at home.

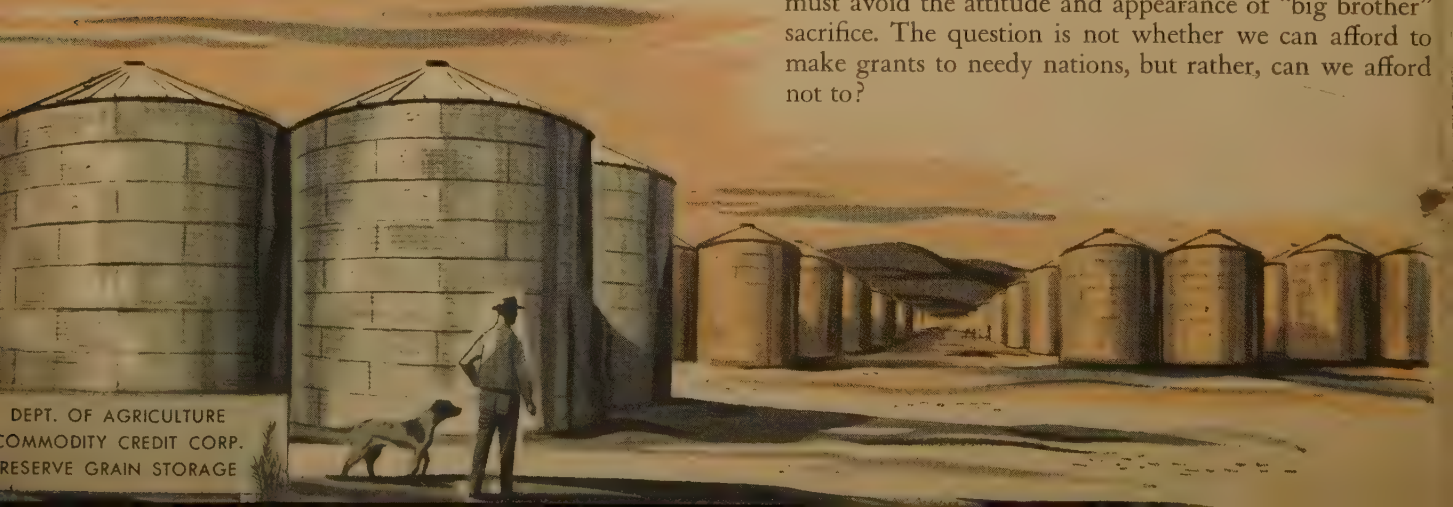
Besides considering the cost, we must also ask whether shipment of grain to needy countries would work for or against their efforts to become self-sufficient. Recent estimates of the UN Food and Agriculture Organization indicate that *the seemingly mountainous surpluses of grain in the U.S. and Canada actually would satisfy needs of the world's food-deficient areas for only about two months.*

This suggests that our gifts of grain, at best, can be only temporary measures at the points of greatest need. Unless our gifts stimulate development of the receiving nations, they contribute to no long-range solutions. Potentially, the best prospect for permanently alleviating hunger is to expand greatly the production of the developing countries themselves. Before such growth comes, however, international financing and distribution machinery should be set up. The areas of greatest need are the same areas where agriculture is a dominant fact of national economic life. Any major change in agriculture could multiply problems by depressing this chief source of income.

A third practical consideration is that our gifts of grain can be valuable if they feed into a recipient country's developing economy as a capital resource. Raw capital in the form of food stocks can be applied directly to the creation of economy-building projects like dams, power stations, highways, bridges, schools, hospitals, and irrigation and drainage systems. Eventually, I suggest, a world economic union could make long-term, low-interest loans to member governments, private corporations, and individuals for works of this kind.

Along with such an economic union, a world food and fiber bank should be created to rationalize production, increase consumption, eliminate undesirable speculation, and generally level off agricultural peaks and valleys. The bank's activities could involve international trade agreements, concessional sales, grants, and barter trade.

Yes, it is both moral and practical for us to give our grain stocks to needy people. In doing so, of course, we must avoid the attitude and appearance of "big brother" sacrifice. The question is not whether we can afford to make grants to needy nations, but rather, can we afford not to?

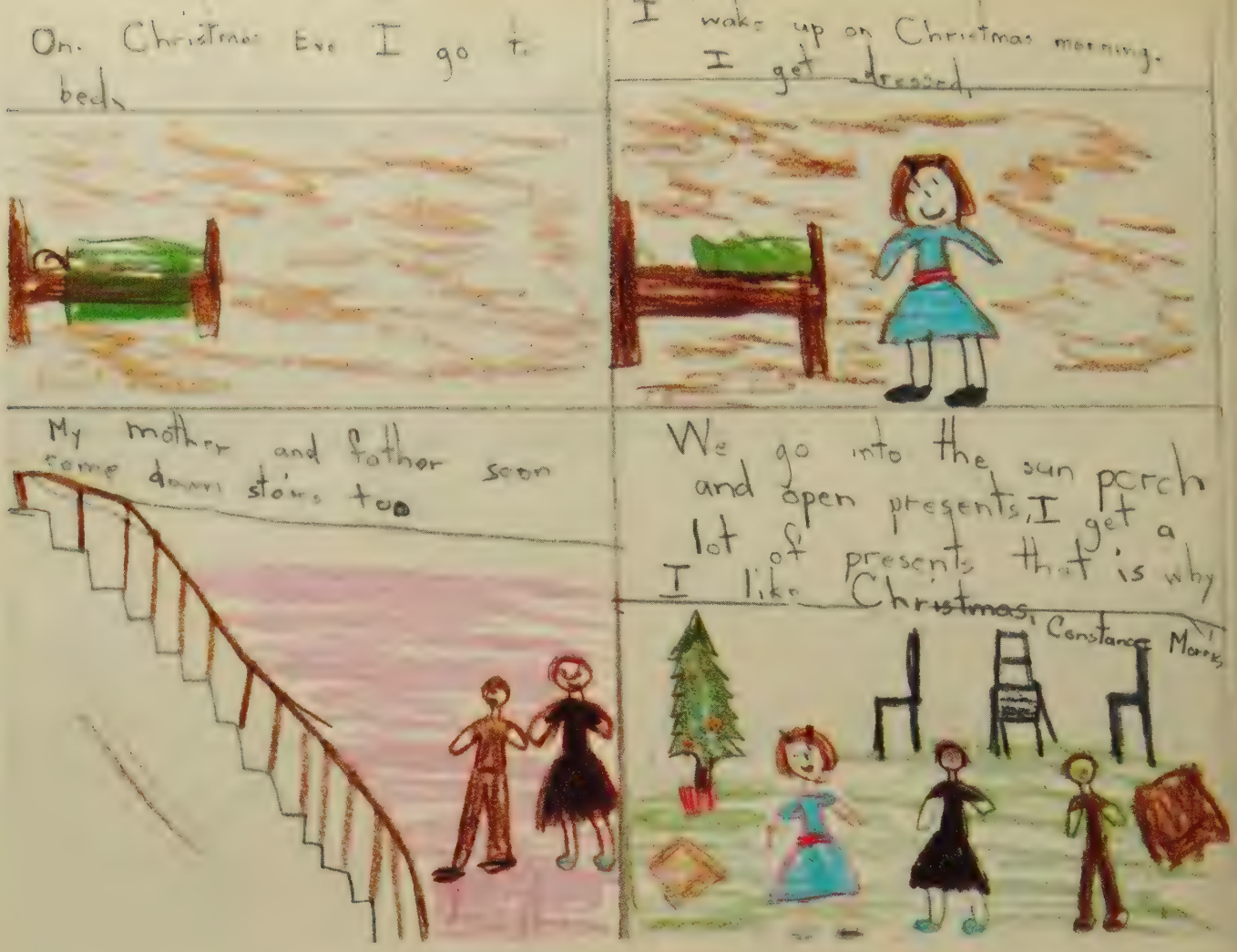


What I like about Christmas is Giving. It is so fun to wrap packages, but its more fun to give the gift to the person. I makes them happy. It makes me happy too.

Carolyn Dake Age 8 Coggon, Iowa

The Nicest Thing About Christmas

CHRISTMAS, through the eyes of a child, is a time of wonder and magic, starshine and tinsel—but more than that, it is a time of closeness only a child may feel for the Babe in a Manger. If Christmas is too commercial, adults made it so; for children do not think of it that way. To remind you how they feel, TOGETHER proudly presents eight pages of Christmas, as seen by children. These pictures were selected from over 1,000 submitted by our Small Fry after they were invited to send us their drawings last December.



Children write and draw as they feel, without guile or self-consciousness. And like Constance Morris of Millburn, N. J., they believe in presents!

Small Fry are brief and to the point. "The nicest thing about Christmas is when Grandma comes to see us." Karen Klose, 8, of Pittsburgh, Pa., chose this theme. One would suspect, however, that there might—just might—be something for Karen in one of those traveling bags!

I like the Sparkling lights,
Christmas trees shining,
Wreaths at the doors,
Because they make me feel like
Singing a Song of Joy!

Debbie Williams
Age 6
Irvington, Ky

My picture is about our family at my grandmothers for Christmas. I enjoy going to my grandmothers for Christmas because I can see all my little cousins.

Nancy Wright Fort Wayne, Indana
Age 8 years

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a baby which is Christ the Lord." Children know how to tell important things with simplicity. That's why Nancy Katterheinrich, 8, of New Knoxville, Ohio, chose her angel to announce the most important news event of all time.

Children penetrate to the heart of things. Mary Alguire, 8, of Elgin, Ill., explains: "The wise men brought presents to baby Jesus. That's why we give presents to our relatives and friends." One little girl said she'd "like a new baby brother like Jesus."

A donkey, an angel, and pigeons adorn the Nativity scene drawn by Melinda Robinson, 6, of Newark, N. Y. "I like the Manger best at Christmas because I like the animals in it and Baby Jesus... the pigeons are cooing Jesus to sleep."

Sonjia Gundersen, 10, of Lakewood, N. J., places herself alone on the front seat at church, as if her preacher were talking only to her. Perhaps that is the way it seems to Sonjia, who writes: "I like to hear the Minister tell the Christmas story in Church, better than to read it myself or to have Mommy and Daddy read it to me. It just sounds nicer in Church."

Small Fry feel and see things others can't. When Monroe Payne, 7, of Ithaca, N. Y., took up his crayons, he produced an abstract design of bright Christmas colors.

"My picture shows some little boys and girls make a lady in a wheel chair happy by singing carols to her..."

—Janet Sue Siddens
Fruita, Colo.

NOW, do you remember how it was? Had you forgotten some of the nice things about Christmas?

For most of us, even in these days of overcommercialization, Christmas is still the season when the step is lighter, the smile easier, the handclasp warmer. For one, the day brings memories of a Christmas long ago when cold wind whined around a chimney now crumbled away — and brought a jackknife in a stocking; for another, Christmas will always mean dissipation and unwrapped gifts piled high under a tree.

But for all of us, Christmas should mean one thing: the birthday of the Child of Bethlehem on a night when a star shone brightly overhead. For that star still shines for all of us.

"I tried to draw Jesus with his birthday cake, but I didn't know how many candles to put."

—Holly Jill Jenney, 5,
Lawrenceville, Ill.

I Think The most nicest Thing about ChrisTmas is Jesus's birThday. Even the animals are happy aT ChrisTmas.

Valerie Diane WoTT
Age 6½
Lancaster, Calif.

There was a nobility about Uncle Tom that could not be measured by the world's usual standards.

He Did the LITTLE THINGS

The others were critical, but his words of support encouraged me to follow the Lord's way.

By WALTER L. GATES

UNCLE Tom Elmore has been gone for several years now. But the inspiration he gave me, a timid country boy who wanted to be a preacher, still lingers in my mind as I near the quarter-century mark as a Methodist minister.

In the last 24 years, I've served laymen who were professional men, and laborers, young mothers and elderly grandmothers. All inspired me in some way—but only Uncle Tom did the little extra things that most of us overlook. And in his thoughtfulness he revealed the nobility of small deeds.

I knew him first as a coachman for a wealthy woman. Later, when his wife died, he came to live with his daughter across the road from my dad's home. Although he attended services at our village church in Virginia he never took his stand with the Christians. But one night Uncle Tom was converted. He professed his faith in Christ and from then on took his stand for God.

Evenings, when the sun had settled behind the mountain peaks, Uncle Tom would head for church. He was always on hand for the opening hymn. He never led in prayer, he never gave testimony, but he was always there.

When I married and moved down the road, ours was the first residence he reached on his way to church. Mrs. Gates and I would wait as he limped along the road and then join him. As the years crept on, his pace slowed and it took him longer to walk the mile from home to church. Frequently now he missed the opening hymn. He still knelt for every prayer, but it became increasingly difficult for him to rise.

I still remember when I was first licensed to preach. I kept my job at the alkali works in Saltville and conducted revivals in the evening. Once I was scheduled to give a 15-minute talk in a church three miles away. An autumn rain fell steadily and I was taken to church in a friend's car.

Just before the service began, Uncle Tom came limping through

getting along Together

The sewing circle was discussing things in general and one woman in particular. Each one gave the absent woman's character a push downward until my wife's grandmother was asked what she knew.

"Well," she said gently, "I think she sews on the nicest patch I ever saw!" The discussion was changed to another subject.

—William Morrow, *Antioch, Tenn.*

One Yuletide season my daughter's schoolteacher talked about Christmas decorations, and invited the children to bring in ornaments and favorite Christmas items.

One little boy brought a stunted, dead pine tree. After school that day, the teacher dragged it outside. But the janitor, for a joke, wound some colored paper around it and returned it to the classroom.

Next morning the children, feeling it was a sad little tree, decided to make it happy. They made chains, stars, and paper dolls, and lovingly trimmed it—and the sad little pine became the gayest, happiest Christmas tree in school.

—Mrs. Elsie C. Wells, *Bakersfield, Vt.*

An elderly woman spent her spare time clothing the poor in the mountains of Kentucky with used clothing given by her children and grandchildren. On one trip, her daughter put her on the train with some misgivings because of her heavy baggage. In the old woman's first letter she reported:

"I had a wait over in L——. There in the depot was a poor family that had been burned out the night before. All they had was on their backs. So I just set my suitcases down and outfitted them right in the depot."

—Mrs. Mary M. Murphy, *New Albany, Ind.*

Little tales for this column must be true—stories which somehow lightened a heart. Together *pays $5 for each one printed. No contributions can be returned; please don't enclose postage.*—Eds.

the door. Surprised, a friend asked, "You didn't walk here in all this rain, did you?" "I did," Uncle Tom replied. "I'm gonna hear this boy speak."

Then, in August, a revival was held in our church. The sanctuary was sizzling, congregation and ministers alike dripped perspiration. Uncle Tom, of course, attended regularly. One evening as he approached our house, we noticed that he carried a pitcher and a glass.

"It's hot," he explained, "and I'm taking this so the preacher can have a drink during the sermon."

Others joined us on the way to church, Uncle Tom setting the pace. At Whitt Springs, he filled the glass time after time until everyone in the crowd had quenched his thirst. Then he took his drink, filled the pitcher with cool water, and carried it carefully, so as not to spill a drop, to church.

When the service was over, he carried his pitcher and glass homeward, pausing at the springs once more to give everyone a refreshing drink and refill his pitcher. At our gate, he halted us. "Wait a minute," he urged us. "I know the water you carried from the spring earlier today is warm by now. I filled this pitcher just so you could have a cool drink before you go in. Now have one, please." He had carried that heavy pitcher both ways—to quench the thirst of others.

One night that fall, during prayer meeting, Uncle Tom arose from his place in the Amen Corner and, glancing over the congregation, suddenly announced:

"Brothers and sisters, you know I can't talk. But there's something I want to tell you. One day last week I was cuttin' wood. I set down on the log and began to pray and to think of how good the Lord's been to me. And you know, while I was thinking of all his goodness, I began to feel light as a feather. I jus' felt like I was gonna float away. Yes, sir, the Lord's sure been good to me."

That was the first of his testimonies. They were short, but each was as fresh as the morning dew, as fragrant as a midday rose, and as vivid as the setting sun. Once, when someone called on him for prayer, it took him a long time to kneel but only a few seconds to mumble something that no one understood. I sat nearby but did not even understand the amen, if he used it.

"Did you ever see anything to beat it?" someone asked me later. "He can't pray and he was too proud to say 'Excuse me,' so he just got down and mumbled!"

And I still remember the day I left for college. I stopped at the village store to say good-by to some friends. Not everyone had faith in my ability. I heard one man whisper to another, "It don't take no education to preach. When God calls you, he gives you the message." As I walked away he added, "I guess I made Walter mad, but I don't care."

Uncle Tom cared. He came to the house before I left and gave me this encouraging thought: "Son, don't you mind about what folks say. You know what the Lord wants you to do. You just do it and everything will be all right."

When I returned home with my degree, I seldom saw Uncle Tom because I had a circuit assignment 40 miles distant, and he had moved with his daughter to a new home a few miles away. But I saw him at revivals in our home church.

He was there the night several men knelt at the altar. I led in prayer; nothing happened. The other four preachers also prayed, each pleading for salvation for the men.

Finally Uncle Tom left his seat in the Amen Corner and limped across the front of the church. Unable to kneel, he leaned against the post at the end of the altar railing. He looked down the line, recognizing the men he had known from childhood, and slowly shook his head. Like many of us, he knew they had walked in paths of sin. Tears rolling down his cheeks, the man who could not pray lifted his face toward heaven and gave this intercessory plea:

"O Lord, save these sinners and save them now."

The men sprang to their feet, their faces aglow with the light that shines only in those whose sins have been forgiven. What we five ministers could not do with our exhortations, Uncle Tom did with his simple prayer of faith.

This was the man who did the little things which the rest of us overlooked. In doing them, he gave great dignity, grace, and meaning to a truly humble life.

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz

"When you look at movie advertisements, does it ever occur to you that these people aren't interested in our spiritual development?"

Q I'm 13. All the girls I know would like to have boy friends, but boys don't seem to care about girls. We aren't all ugly, are we? What's wrong with boys?—D.S.

A I'm sure you are not ugly. Nothing is wrong with the boys. Girls mature from two to three years ahead of boys. You are ready to have dates long before they are. All you can do is wait. They'll change.

Q I am nuts about a girl, but she won't go out with me. Instead she helps me get dates with other girls. This is the first time I have been in love. I am 15, and frustrated. What should I do?—C.O.

A Think of your feeling as a crush, rather than real love. Keep on dating other girls. Soon you'll feel better.

Q How can I find out if I'm forgiven? I went out once with a boy. We lost control and sinned. Ever since I've felt dirty and worthless. I've prayed and prayed, but don't get any better. Can I be forgiven?—R.C.

A Yes. You can be forgiven. Our religion teaches us that sincere repentance can lead to forgiveness and to a new start. Talk with your minister. He'll help you understand. Many people sense that they are forgiven at the moment they realize they have become strong enough to resist temptation.

Q I go to the movies on Saturday nights. After the show I get a soft drink with my friends. No matter what time I get home I'm scolded. If I'm in by 9:30 Dad says it should have been 9:15. If I'm back at 10 p.m. he says I should have been home by 9:30. When should a girl of 14 get home from the movies?—V.I.

A The time should vary with the length of the show. Phone the theater in advance. Find out when you'll get out. Add a few minutes, then clear your plans with your father. Usually troubles like yours can be prevented by advance planning.

Q I have trouble with my brother. I'm 16. He is 12. I am blamed for everything he does. Today he punched me in the stomach. I hit him back. He yelled. Then my mother scolded me. Is this fair?—L.O.

A Probably you shouldn't have been blamed for the incident. However, you should try to see how your parents feel. They don't like squabbles. They assume that you can control yourself. You're older and wiser. Could you have a family conference about your quarrels? Ask your parents to help you keep the peace. Try not to fight back too much. Gradually things can improve.

Q I stole money from a service station and was sent to a state school. Now I am home trying to make good. Nobody will give me a job. My parents are poor. What shall I do, steal again?—D.C.

A Don't do that. It would make matters much worse. Go to the minister of your church. Explain your problem. Ask him to help you find a job. Within his congregation are people who will be glad to give you a chance to prove yourself.

Q I am a boy of 17. When I was 15 I went steady with a girl. After a year she told me I was a square and dropped me. Since then I have been afraid to ask a girl for a date. I don't want to get cut down again. My father says I am chicken. Do you think so?—G.H.

A No, but probably you are a bit too cautious. Almost every teenager has been dropped. You shouldn't let it destroy your self-confidence. There are other girls who would like to have dates with you.

Q I'm a teen-age boy. My buddy is a Mexican. His parents are Methodists. We went through grammar school together. My problem is that my other friends don't invite him to their parties. He is getting mean because of it. He is welcome at church and at school, but nowhere else. Do you believe that races are equal?—S.M.

A Yes. Christianity teaches racial equality. Scientific studies bear out our Christian viewpoint. However, some otherwise good people have strong racial feelings. You can't force your friends to invite your buddy to

Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church

Is the end of the world coming soon?

Nobody knows. Thousands of predictions have been made, and every one has been proved false. As the Scriptures state, it is not given to us to know "times or seasons."

More likely than not, the end of the world will come for us before the end comes for all. The important matter is not when it comes or how it comes, but whether we live each moment so that we are ready. That, after all, is what the Scriptures are saying in their many references to the "last things."

This may or may not be "closing time in the garden of the earth." No matter; how are we doing the gardening that is entrusted to us?

What is a 'Free' Church?

The adjective has nothing to do with freedom to worship, or religious liberty, or even finances. It is concerned only with the relationship of the church, usually the whole denomination, to the government.

Thus, in the United States, the Free Church is distinguished from the Established Church, which means that all the churches are free. In Britain, the Free Church is the Nonconformist Church, or the non-Anglican church.

There are other definitions, varying with the church-state practices in different countries. Lutheran, Reformed, Anglican, and, of course, Roman Catholic churches are state controlled in some countries, and this means they are not "free."

(The "free" in Free Methodist Church is part of the name, means even more.)

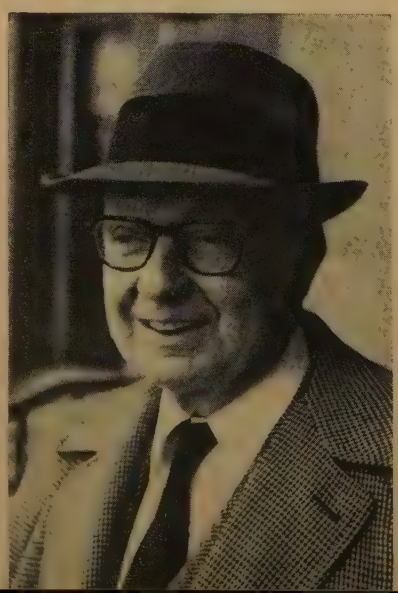
What is the difference between Roman Catholic and Protestant Bibles?

The difference usually noted is the 13 books of the Apocrypha, which Catholic authorities put in between the Old and New Testaments. Some are beautiful and significant, but they are little used in supporting Catholic dogma.

More important is the fact that Roman Catholics insist on a Bible translation made by Jerome in 405 and known as the Vulgate. It is in Latin. Protestant authorities go back to earlier Hebrew and Greek texts, some of them recently discovered.

While there are newer Catholic translations from the original languages (Father Ronald Knox made an excellent one in 1950), the Vulgate is still official.

Some words have Roman Catholic tradition. William Tyndale caught it when he used such terms as "elder," "repentance," and "congregation" instead of using "priest," "penance," and "Church," although the Greek text supports Tyndale. Actually, Jerome made the mistake when he substituted for the Greek word meaning "repentance" the Latin word for "penance."



Author, world traveler, minister, and former editor of the *Christian Advocate*—this background helps Bishop T. Otto Nall, episcopal leader of the Minnesota Area of The Methodist Church, answer your questions about religion each month.

their parties. Encourage him to take part in church activities. Have parties at your home, which he can attend. Ask your minister for suggestions.

Q *I'm the oldest of a family of eight children. When my father died I had to quit school and get a job. I was a sophomore. We do not have night school in our town. Is there any way I could continue my studies and get a high-school diploma?—V.J.*

A Yes, through a correspondence school. I've mailed you the names and addresses of two reliable organizations. Their diplomas usually are accepted as being equal to diplomas from regular day schools. Write to them.

Q *I'm a girl of 13. There's a cute boy who used to like me. Then another girl cut me out. How can I get him to like me again?—V.E.*

A Be friendly to the boy. Talk with him about things which interest him. Dress attractively. But don't worry too much if he doesn't respond. You'll find other boys who like you.

Q *My friends don't know it, but I have diabetes. After school my gang goes to a drugstore. I have gone a few times, and have broken my diet. I regretted it immediately. How can I develop enough strength to resist temptations?—J.E.*

A Tell your friends about your health condition. They'll understand and help you stay on your diet.

Q *I'm a boy of 15. One of the kids in my gang stole gas several times and was caught. The judge sent him to a reform school. We're trying to get him released to the custody of our church. Is this possible?—J.R.*

A I've seen it done several times, but results were not encouraging. Most boys continued their delinquencies. Go to your church leaders with your suggestion. Be guided by their reactions.

Q *Four of us were caught in a storm in the mountains last spring. We broke into a cabin for shelter. The sheriff found us the next morning and took us home. My mother*

says I disgraced our family. Dad can't forgive us for not starting home before the storm broke. They won't let me see my boy friend again. I can't even go to a picnic for six months! Must I obey my parents?—B.W.

A Yes. Do it as gracefully as you can. When you date again, try to think ahead.

Q *I'm a girl of 15. I love my father, but I wish he wouldn't kiss me. He goes on business trips. When he comes home he hugs me, then kisses me behind my ears. This embarrasses me. Is there something wrong with me?—K.L.*

A No. Millions of girls feel as you do about their fathers' displays of affection. When you were little he couldn't hug you enough. You've changed, but he hasn't. In two or three years it won't bother you.

Q *Can you understand boys? I can't. I am a girl of 14. I go steady with a boy. He is too changeable. Sometimes he visits every night for a week. Then I don't see him for a couple of months. He says he likes me a lot, but he doesn't act as though he did. Should I put up with this?—M.Y.*

A Many boys in their teens are changeable. Many girls too. You are pretty young to be going steady. Probably you'll be happier if you break up with this boy.

Q *I am 16. When I was 14 I went steady with a boy. He got too fresh, and I broke with him. About a year ago he was sent to reform school for stealing cars. Now he is back at home, telling lies about me. My friends say to ignore his lies. I want to defend myself. What should I do?—G.S.*

A Your friends are right. If you fight back you may make matters worse. The boy is having a hard time getting over his disgrace. His behavior is not unusual. Probably it won't last.

Puzzled teens will find Dr. Barbour a ready, helpful, and confidential counselor. You can get his help by writing to him c/o TOGETHER, *740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.*

Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency

No Jesus in It!

By ROY L. SMITH

THE committee in charge of the Sunday-school Christmas program had planned the evening with great care. Intent on creating a mood of reverence, they had arranged for a powerful light to shine forth from the manger, symbolic of the glory of the newborn King.

The night of the program a little child wandered up on the platform. Approaching the manger cautiously, the little one peered in, then turned and called out in a shrill voice which all could hear:

"Mommy! Mommy! There's no Jesus in it!"

We can forgive the program committee in this case. They had planned well, and for the adults there was a moving symbolism in the radiance that streamed from the manger.

But the child's comment cannot be silenced. Of so much that goes by the name of Christmas, it must be said, "There is no Jesus in it."

There is the office party, for example, where liquor flows freely and regrets are born. There is something terrible about the Christmas celebration that sends fathers and mothers home unfit to join with their children in celebrating the birth of the Bethlehem Babe.

It must be confessed, too, that there is very little of Jesus in a great deal of our Christmas giving. Too often the gifts go to those who have too much already, not to those who have nothing.

In recent years there has been a growing insistence on the part of the public that Christ be put back into Christmas, and for this let us be thankful. But more important, even, than the mailing of Christmas cards which bear a genuine Christmas message is the need for a revival of the awareness of the presence of Christ inside the family circle.

In tens of thousands of so-called Christian homes there is no word of thankful prayer, no sacred moment during which the family joins in worship, no mention of the spiritual significance of the celebration.

What an opportunity Christmas offers the Christian father to be a priest inside his own home! What a time to initiate family worship! What a religious educational opportunity it is, for putting Jesus into Christmas is an exciting adventure!

Light Unto My Path

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS BY MINISTERS ON INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

DECEMBER 4

"For I am sure that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord."—Romans 8:38-39

MY EYES opened in the pitch blackness of night. It took a moment or two to orientate myself because everything was so very quiet. Then the twisted bedroll around my body reminded me that we were on a camping trip in the Colorado Rockies. Several minutes passed before even the tent flap became visible. The creatures of the night had gone to bed, and those for the day had not yet risen.

Then slowly, oh, so very slowly, the vaguest outline of the tent door appeared. A few moments later the tent pole and then the closest tree became visible. Silently, without a sound our world was changing.

Moment by moment the light penetrated the darkness more and more, and the creatures of the day began to stir. The birds, the insects, and the animals began to take up their daily habits.

So it was 2,000 years ago. Men were groping for a way of life that would enable them to overcome the principalities and powers that held them in darkness. Within their breasts lay an insatiable desire for light, but they could not muster sufficient strength to roll back the darkness.

Then God in his infinite wisdom conceived a means of illuminating the world for men. So it was that his Son was born. "And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us!" (John 1:14.)

The darkness has continued to struggle for the hearts and minds of men across the centuries. It has always been and will continue to be a struggle. When light gains a victory, darkness rises in another form to plague mankind.

Perhaps the most prevalent form of darkness today is that of materialism. The material values of life are so easy to comprehend that man gets confused and thinks they are the ultimate.

The struggle has not ceased, for the light is not yet wholly victorious. Our task is to lend aid to the cause of the Eternal God in his effort to lead men out of the darkness and into the light.

Prayer: Guide us, O Lord, through the darkness to the light that we might find a faith so strong that nothing can separate us from thy love. Amen.

—VERN D. LIVENGOOD

DECEMBER 11

"For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."—Isaiah 9:6 (KJV)

MAN, on his journey of life, encounters dark valleys and bright mountain peaks. Few, if any, can touch only the peaks. Most must spend some time in the valleys. So it was with the great composer of Christmas music, George Frederick Handel.

At 50 Handel had reached one peak. Two years later he had sunk to the valley. His "fans" turned their backs on him. His fortune dwindled and he sank deeply into debt. He suffered a paralytic stroke. He could no longer conduct or play. He seemed a broken man.

But outward appearances are often deceiving. It was at this time that the power created by his faith in God took over. He turned to writing oratorios. Out of this time of physical weakness was born the greatest, most majestic of all Christmas music, *The Messiah*. The music of his great soul, wrapped around "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given," carried Handel once more to the peaks.

People who could not afford opera could hear not only good but heavenly music. They thrilled to it because *The Messiah* is one of the noblest expressions of the religious spirit ever written by a man of faith. It is music good for the soul. It is music that has lifted the souls of men out of the dark valleys to glistening mountain peaks for over 200 years.

Again at this Christmas season people around the world—poor people and rich people, people of many languages, of many races—will join their voices in singing "and the government shall be upon his shoulder, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."

Holding back tears of joy and exultation they will stand as one as the grand *Hallelujah!* chorus brings to a close an experience that they would wish could last "forever and ever."

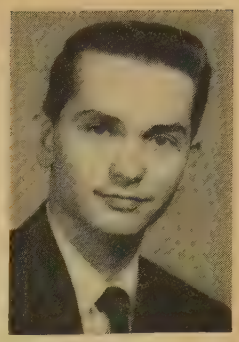
Prayer: O God, we long to be caught up in the power of thy Son that through it we might not only be lifted to the heights but that our lives might sing and play the harmony of it to all the world. Amen.

—PAUL F. WOHLGEMUTH

Vern D. Livengood
Wellington, Kans.

Paul F. Wohlgemuth
Atlanta, Ga.

Harold R. Moore
Pittsburgh, Pa.



R. Franklin Terry
Denver, Colo.

DECEMBER 18

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn from me; for I am gentle and lowly in heart, and you will find rest for your souls."
—Matthew 11:29

HOW HEARTLESS, how unfair seems this request to take an added yoke upon our already heavy-laden bodies. Too many of us feel like the church member who expressed her difficulties to me not long ago with the words, "I just can't take any more."

Our text seems strange advice from One who has already called us to him with the promise of rest and relief from our burdens.

The obligation which He presses upon his followers, however, is not just another nameless yoke. It is his own yoke, a yoke which makes all the difference, made out of rejection, suffering, and death, but permeated with self-giving love. The yoke which we share with him is a ministry of love.

I am reminded of the oft-used story of the lad who was struggling wearily under the weight of another boy much too big for him to carry. When a concerned passer-by asked him if the boy were not too heavy, he replied, "Oh, he's not heavy—he's my brother!"

How much we need to transform our loads into this ministry of love. Though we have achieved shorter working days and weeks, though we need exert little of the strength of our hands to operate our mechanization, the crushing weight of our loads is heavier than ever. It is only by transforming our attitudes, by changing the weight of the yoke to a service of love that the promised rest can be ours.

We may share with Christ in the work of the kingdom only by subjection to his yoke, his ministry of God's love.

This ministry, at work in our lives, through our homes and churches, becomes the badge of our discipleship. Recall the words of No. 470 in *The Methodist Hymnal:*

O Jesus, Master, when today
I meet along the crowded way
My burdened brothers—mine and thine—
May then through me thy Spirit shine.

Grant, too, that they my need may know,
As side by side we onward go:
An equal need of kindly thought
And love like that which thou hast taught.

Prayer: We ask not for deliverance from our multitudinous burdens, Lord, but rather for thy Spirit to make every task a ministry of love by which we may share with thee the building of thy kingdom. Amen.

—HAROLD R. MOORE

DECEMBER 25

Thanks be to God for his inexpressible gift!—2 Corinthians 9:15

IT IS NOT accidental that the act of giving coincides with the celebration of the birth of the Christ.

But it is a sad irony that the spirit of free and spontaneous giving has been twisted into a profligate season of overindulgence and also one of compulsive exchanging.

And it is probably not an uncommon experience that most of us, after days and days of getting and spending, feel an inner sense of emptiness, even though surrounded by our newly acquired possessions.

The idea of giving is tied to the celebration of Christmas for a specific reason, namely, that through the person and work of Jesus Christ we find released in our midst a power which can transform and redeem life.

This power is expressed in many different ways:

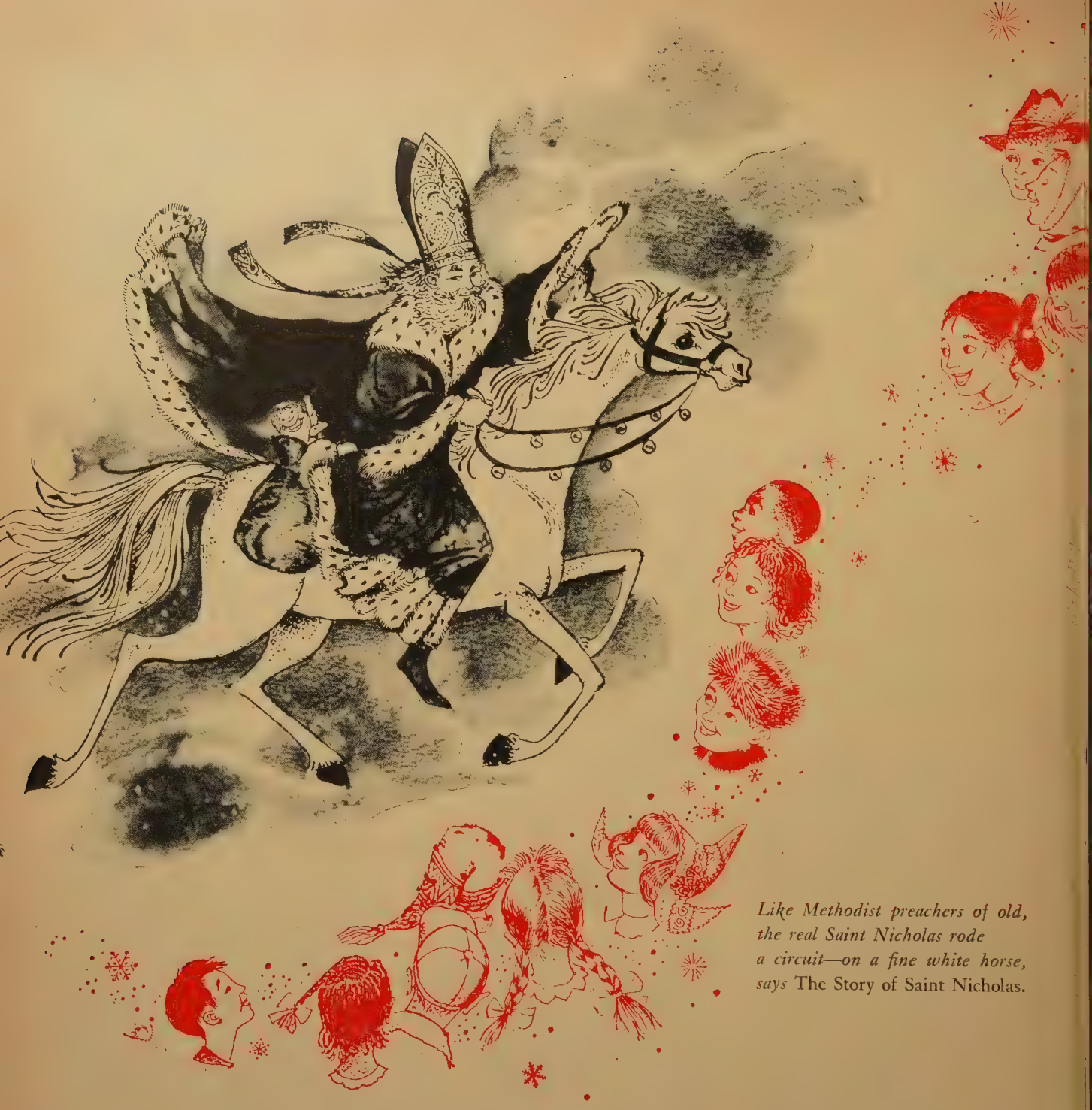
It may be through rituals and services of the church; through the media of great music and literature; through the symbolic use of art; through the traditions of family and community. Through some or all of these, we become identified with the "body of Christ"—the community of people which accepts the "inexpressible gift" of God as a gift *freely* given, a gift which brings life new dimensions of courage, meaning, and wholeness.

The celebration of Christmas, then, is part of two strands of our history. It is a part of the compulsory giving and getting which has become the dominant image of the American Christmas. And it is a religious celebration which stems from our belief in the limitless resources of the divine life from which flow the possibilities of life reborn, renewed, and re-created.

As 20th-century Christians we are inextricably bound to both of these strands, but we can decide for one or the other.

Prayer: Everliving God, in the creative power of thy life which moves in and through us, may we, in the message of this day, find our lives strengthened and uplifted. In the name and the spirit of Jesus Christ. Amen.

—R. FRANKLIN TERRY



Like Methodist preachers of old, the real Saint Nicholas rode a circuit—on a fine white horse, says The Story of Saint Nicholas.

Barnabas

Looks at New Books

ON the first Christmas, God gave his Son to the world and Wise Men brought the infant Savior gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. About three centuries later, in a part of the world we now know as Turkey, a boy, Nicholas, marveled that men could give such fine gifts and not leave their names.

Nicholas became a bishop of the Christian Church, and he, too, gave gifts without telling who had given them. After his death he was called Saint Nicholas, and legends grew up around the deeds he was said to have done. From them grew the Santa Claus story we know today.

Children this Christmas may have two very different views of the good Bishop of Myra. **Mildred C. Luckhardt** tells about his life in ***The Story***

of Saint Nicholas (Abingdon, $2.75), illustrated in lively, traditional style by Gordon Laite. **Bernarda Bryson** concentrates on *The Twenty Miracles of Saint Nicolas* (Atlantic, Little-Brown, $4.75)—notice, even the spelling is different—and illustrates it with her own stylized modern drawings. Both books are enchanting.

The natural man, said John Wesley, "neither fears nor loves God."

In *He Sent Leanness* (Macmillan, $1.25) a young English Methodist minister, **David Head**, has written "a book of prayers for the natural man" that reveals us not as we ought to be, not as we'd like to be, but as we so often are—clothed only in human frailty.

It's gentle but devastating humor that Head pokes at us. And in doing so he preaches a sermon no reader will soon forget. It's one of my favorite books of 1960, or any year. But I warn you, it's sure to strip you of smugness.

I'd hardly be surprised to walk into a shopping center the day after Easter and find it plastered with "Shop Early for Christmas" signs. Certainly the commercialized Christmas confusion begins earlier every year, and it's a fortunate family that manages to keep its mind on the real meaning of the sacred season.

That's why I'm pleased to know that the Methodist Board of Evangelism and the American Bible Society are urging Methodists to read the Bible every day between Thanksgiving and Christmas. This, of course, is something Christians should be doing every day of the year. But it's a particularly appropriate emphasis for this period which includes December 11, Universal Bible Sunday.

The American Bible Society has gone still farther. To encourage families to read the Christmas story together on Christmas Eve, it has prepared for distribution 10 million copies of a pocket-size reprint of Luke 1:5 through 2:40. It's titled *Unto You . . . A Saviour*. If you want a free copy for your own Christmas Eve reading, write the American Bible Society, 450 Park Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. Copies also may be obtained in quantity for $3 a hundred.

William Wilberforce was the wittiest man in England, according to Madame de Stael. The great prime minister William Pitt sought him out as a close friend and adviser. In Parliament his brilliance was evident.

As a youth he heard an eloquent Methodist preacher named Whitefield, and his life was changed. He became obsessed with the idea of ending Negro slavery. The Parliament fight he led was bitter, but just one month after Wilberforce's death in 1833 the slave trade in England and all its colonies was abolished.

I've been reading about this great English Methodist in *Enjoy, Enjoy!* (World, $4). It's only one in a rich and rollicking store of anecdotes, comments, and bits of information by **Harry Golden**, editor and publisher of *The Carolina Israelite*. Among them—why the rocking chair was the most valuable of all our inventions, why Golden (a Jew) loves the Southern white Protestant, how he makes friends "by arguing."

He has plenty to argue about, as a Northerner living in the South, as a Jew in the most Gentile community on the continent, and as an integrationist among white supremacists. But he does it so warmly, with such subtle humor and enriched faith, that few can resist him.

For families looking for new meaning in their family worship during the Advent season there's help in *Come to Christmas!* (Abingdon, 75¢) by **Anna Laura** and **Edward W. Gebhard**. Beginning with Thanksgiving, this paper-bound book offers suggestions for family worship and activities during the days leading up to Christmas.

Mark It and Strike It (Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, $4.95) is a direction given to television stagehands. TV comedian **Steve Allen** has taken it as the title of his autobiography because, he says, "it suggests something of the impermanence of the medium."

The here-today-gone-tomorrow aspect of the business bothers Allen not at all. He could always do something else. His wife, actress Jayne Meadows, has summed up his versatility with the facetious remark: "I live polygamously with eight men: a published writer of earthy prose and poetry, a deep thinker, a comedian, a pianist, a composer, a crusader, a motion-picture star, and a tender father."

Allen, as his frank and readable book reveals, is all of these indeed. In fact, I'd stamp him as one of the authentic geniuses of our day. But, more important, he's also a man of deep religious conviction.

I've just finished reading a different kind of sea story—*The Eddystone Light* (Houghton Mifflin, $4), by **Fred Majdalany**. It's a saga of the incredible courage and patience of the men who built five successive lighthouses on the wave-swept Eddystone reef, guarding the southwestern approaches to England.

Conflicting currents and winds cause the waters around the reef to "plunge and cascade into the rocks from all directions at once," making Eddystone an awesome menace to mariners. If you enjoy reading about epic struggles of men against nature, and if you find excitement in building, this book is for you.

The late Owen Wister, who will forever be remembered in the West for *The Virginian*, once did an introduction for a slim little book by **Charles Elliott Perkins** called *The Pinto Horse*. He called it "the best western story about a horse that I have ever read."

Now, more than 30 years later, Devin-Adair ($4.50) has redone it handsomely with illustrations by Edward Borein. One of the Barnabas nephews who loves horses is going to get a copy, come Christmas.

The Layman Examines His Faith (Bethany, $1.95) is the personal testimony of **Gustave A. Ferre**, and a simple, eloquent statement it is.

It should be pointed out, however, that only by strict adherence to Webster can Dr. Ferre be classed as a layman. He holds a B.D. degree from one theological school, did graduate work at another, served as dean of Cotner School of Religion, and now heads the philosophy department at Texas Christian University. Since all this training and experience has deepened and strengthened his outlook and his ability to express himself, this is all to the good.

Marguerite Clark wrote light fiction for women's magazines until research for a mystery novel involving poison convinced her that medical facts

A Child's Gift of Song

Holy Jesus, when it's Christmas
And the herald angels sing
Of the majesty and glory
Of the new-born heavenly King;
When the shepherds kneel before you
And the humble Wise Men fold
Ancient hands, and come to offer
Gifts of frankincense and gold . . .
Will you smile and take her present
Of a "Jesus Loves Me" song,
Though, at four, she's mixed the
words to read,
"He's weak, but I am strong"?

—Marjorie Halverson McNeil

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were more exciting. That was 20 years ago, and since then she's written not one line of fiction.

Now she's medicine editor of *Newsweek* and happier than ever in her work. "The news is constant, abundant, and to a great extent encouraging," she says in ***Medicine Today: A Report on a Decade of Progress*** (Funk & Wagnalls, $4.95).

Many of the medical developments reported in this exciting survey have never been published for the layman. Mrs. Clark uses storytelling skills to make them crystal clear and very heartening to us nonexpert readers.

Probably the most phantasmagoric fakery that ever "almost succeeded" in U.S. history was pulled by an ex-St. Louis streetcar motorman named James Addison Reavis.

Back in the 1890s he almost filched 12 million acres in Arizona from lawful owners, using phony documents and a marriage he claimed linked him to a Spanish land grant. But virtue, aided by slick sleuthing, won out—as you can read in ***The Peralta Land Grant***, by **Donald M. Powell** (University of Oklahoma Press, $3.75). If you like mysteries that are true, try this.

The Long Way to Freedom (Bobbs-Merrill, $7.50) is one of those impressive-looking volumes you're tempted to put on the shelf, unread, against a rainy day or the need for an uncommon fact. But if you open it, you're likely to settle down for some rich and enjoyable hours. Distinguished historian **James T. Shotwell** shares a lifetime of study in crisp, to-the-point writing that is refreshingly different from that of many historians.

On August 6, 1945, a new age dawned in the shadow of a mushroom cloud rising over the devastated Japanese city of Hiroshima. The story of the months before and the moment of dropping the first atomic bomb is told in terms of scientists, secret agents, a president, and bomber pilots in ***No High Ground*** (Harper, $4). It's a breathless, edge-of-the-seat book by Washington reporters **Fletcher Knebel** and **Charles W. Bailey II**.

Taking up where Knebel and Bailey leave off is ***Fallout*** (Basic Books, $5.50), which describes nuclear weapons and the multitude of hazards they have created. Physicist **John M. Fowler** has written several chapters and edited others by scientists in the fields of meteorology, medicine, genetics, and chemistry. In amazingly simple and understandable terms they speak of "clean" bombs, "dirty" bombs, limited warfare, and national survival. Their conclusion: We must find an alternative to war. The decision, however, rests not with the scientist, nor the weapons expert, nor the military tactician, but with the people who vote, they point out.

It's in terms of decision that **Thomas E. Murray** has written ***Nuclear Policy for War and Peace*** (World, $4). Murray, during his seven years as a member of the Atomic Energy Commission, was frequently referred to as its "conscience," because of his repeated concern for moral issues. However, he says a complete ban on nuclear testing would mean a stop to the advancement of peacetime atomic uses as well as atomic weapons, and he believes testing of nuclear weapons for limited war should be resumed.

Harry Emerson Fosdick, minister emeritus of New York City's Riverside Church and author of *Living for the Fun of It* [March, page 17], now weaves customs and traditions of the times skillfully into ***Jesus of Nazareth*** (Random House, $1.95). It's a graphic account of the life of Christ, written for young people.

From the same era comes ***Fisherman of Galilee*** (Nelson, $2.95). **Aileen Fisher** puts the narrative into the mouth of Simon Bar-Jona, later called Peter, the rugged fisherman who became one of the 12 disciples. It tells the story of Christ's ministry from his Baptism in the River Jordan to his last words to his disciples. Careful research has created a story brimful of local color.

The Hebrew Old Testament used three words for the concept now translated as "prophet"—one meant a speaker, the second a speaker for another, and the third a seer. Nicolai Berdyaev was all of these, says **Donald A. Lowrie** in his biography of one of the greatest Christian thinkers of our time, ***Rebellious Prophet*** (Harper, $6).

Berdyaev, Russian-born and of the Russian Orthodox faith, had the catalytic ability to link East and West, Christians of different denominations, and Christians and non-Christians. Lowrie, who was associated with him during the 24 years he was editor-in-chief of the YMCA Press in Paris, has written a meticulously researched and understanding book. However, I wish it contained more of Berdyaev's own writings, some of which Lowrie has translated, even if it had meant leaving out some of the biographical detail.

So much has been written about Dr. Albert Schweitzer [see, for example, *My Visit With Schweitzer*, July, 1957, or his article, *There's Hope on the Main Road*, last April], you may wonder what's left to say about the great jungle doctor. But **Norman Cousins**, editor of the *Saturday Review*, is himself an exceptional humanitarian,

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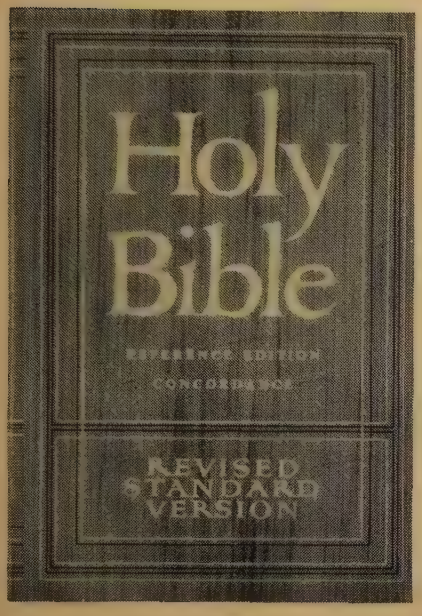

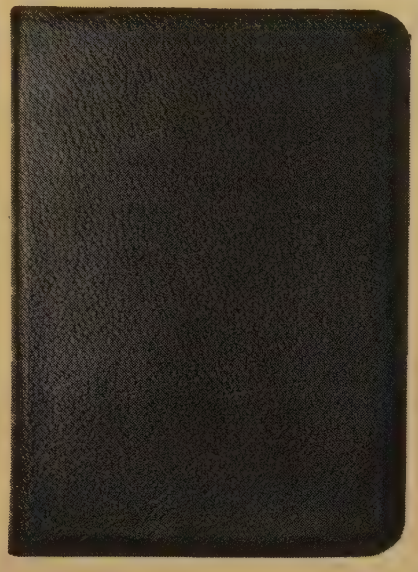

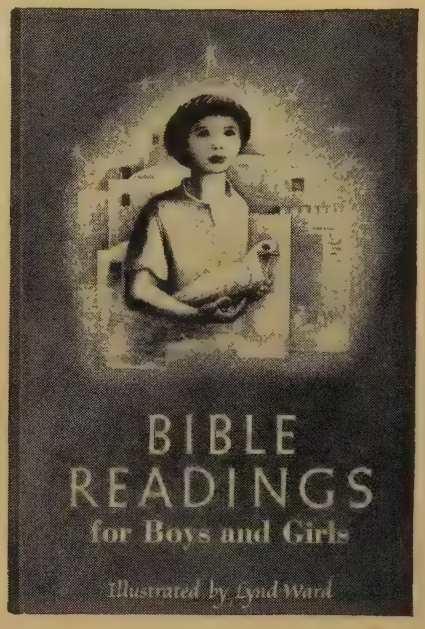

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and his ***Dr. Schweitzer of Lambarene*** (Harper, $3.95) is a unique personal appreciation of one of the towering figures of the 20th century.

Clara Urquhart's sensitive photographs add dimensions to this informal account of Schweitzer at work and in repose.

History is peculiar. Some periods seem to fascinate readers; others, apparently equally colorful, are almost ignored. That's why, with all the current accent on the Civil War, the Revolution, and World War II, it's a welcome change of pace to have a sprightly book like ***Carp's Washington*** (McGraw-Hill, $5.75) appear on the publishing scene.

Carp—**Frank G. Carpenter**—was the Washington correspondent of *The Cleveland Leader* back in the 1880s, a time largely neglected now. An engaging young man, he let the main currents of capital politics swirl past him, preferring to concentrate his talents on the less-publicized eddies, the stories which today would be catalogued as the human-interest variety.

They're fascinating. Belles and beaux, saints and sinners, plotters and preachers—they all parade by in life-size in these, his on-the-scene columns. Anyone interested in the American past owes a debt of gratitude to Carp's daughter, Frances, herself a Washingtonian, for preserving them and sharing them with a new generation of readers.

The motive was good, but my own feeling is that **Stephen Cole**'s attempt to lob some backhand humor into religion in ***The Hell of It*** (Doubleday, $1.95) doesn't come off.

It has the devil lecturing some of his operatives about to invade the earth, and occasionally there's a flash of sulphurous humor. But C. S. Lewis had the idea first, in his inimitable Screwtape letters, and this is very pale in comparison. I'm consigning the book to my ho-hum shelf.

I must agree with the poet W. H. Auden that "The poetry of **Phyllis McGinley** . . . is the poetry of Phyllis McGinley!" He can prove this, Auden says in the foreword to ***Times Three*** (Viking, $5), by quoting at random from her works.

Wandering through its "selected verse from three decades"—plus 70 new poems—merely reinforced my contention that Mrs. McGinley has the most wonderful, up-in-the-clouds manner of expressing the down-to-earth. Maybe you remember her article, *Unchastity Is a Sin* [November, 1958, page 22].

In a nutshell, *Times Three* is a delight. Recommendation: Give it to someone in your family for Christmas —so you can read it, too.

—Barnabas

Browsing in Fiction

Gerald Kennedy

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA,
THE METHODIST CHURCH

WHEN I first entered a theological seminary years ago, a Bible professor pointed out that not all Bible verses are on the same level. This may come as a shock to the individual who thinks he can open the book at random and find immediate guidance for his life. Anybody who has studied the greatest of all books knows that some parts of it are mountaintops and some parts are valleys. I have not met a man for a long time who insists that every single verse in the Bible is of equal inspirational worth.

This is true also of all literature, particularly novels. No one should assume that a recommendation of fiction is a promise that every sentence is of high quality, nor a guarantee against seamy sides. *Browsing in Fiction* is not just a list of books which one man says you ought to read. It is a look at modern fiction from the standpoint of one of the more unworthy followers of Jesus. But I do wholeheartedly recommend

THE LOVELY AMBITION, by Mary Ellen Chase *(Norton, $3.95)*.

It is a story about a Methodist preacher and his family who leave England and come to Maine. Here they enter into the life of a Methodist parish in a New England town as it was around the beginning of this century. I don't remember noticing anything objectionable in this book. Yet, there is a ring of reality in the character portrayal, and the preacher's family is neither sickishly sentimental nor hypocritical. These are real folks and I enjoyed meeting them. My only objection is that the author makes the bishop a stuffed shirt and a fool. This, as you will be quick to recognize, is a personal prejudice and ought to be ignored. It is good to know that we have a few writers left like Mary Ellen Chase. May the good Lord bless her, and may her tribe increase.

SET THIS HOUSE ON FIRE, by William Styron *(Random House, $5.95)*.

I go from one extreme to the other, for this novel is dishearteningly full of useless, dissipated people whose chief interest seems to be sex. William Styron is a writer of great gifts who makes characters and situations come to life. It may be that he presents these kinds of pictures for a purpose, but I cannot imagine what that purpose might be. The story concerns the morally destructive adventures of some Americans in Italy. A murder mystery of no great shakes adds some interest to the plot. To me, however, the book adds up to a reflection of how corrupt life can become without God. I heard a man say once that only God keeps life clean enough to make it livable, and that without Him we would soon live on a garbage heap. I do not know any clearer testimony to the truth of that observation than *Set This House on Fire*.

IMPERIAL CAESAR, by Rex Warner *(Little, Brown, $5)*.

Few ancient rulers have been written about more than Julius Caesar. Everybody knows about Shakespeare's tremendous play, and I expect most have read George Bernard Shaw's treatment of the same. Here is a fine novelist's portrayal of the quality of a man through his own lips, for it is Caesar who tells the story from the beginning to the end. The novel will have the most meaning for those who know something about the background of Julius Caesar.

Others, however, will learn to know a man who is calm, objective, and very intelligent. He looks upon fighting as a necessary part of politics, but has no desire for a military honor as an end in itself. He is as kind as he can be under the circumstances, and he analyzes human character clearly and realistically. His one great mistake was his appraisal of Brutus. The drama of the book lies in the way these earth-shaking events appeared to the one who was involved in them. This is a first-rate novel, worthy of any serious reader's time.

You will note that of these three books, I think positively about two of them. That, my brethren, is a pretty good percentage!

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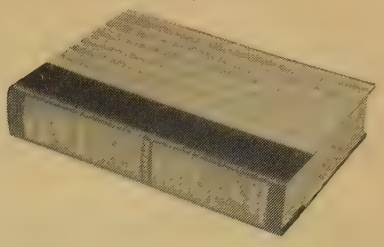

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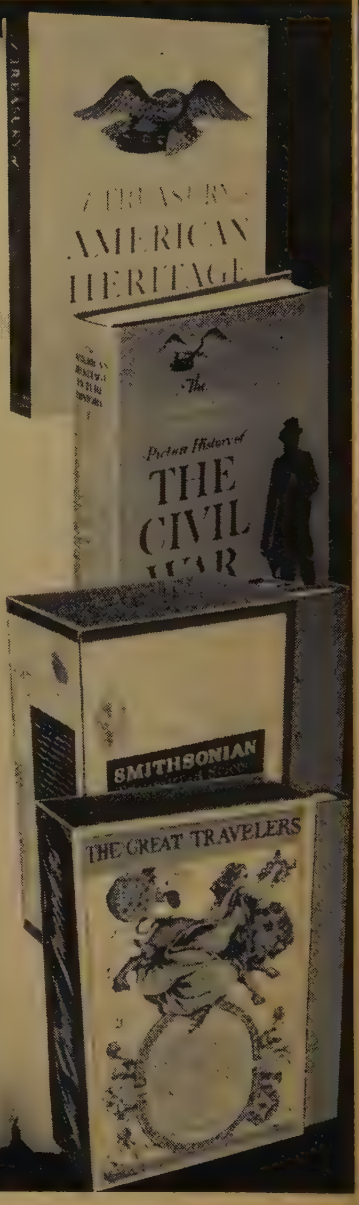

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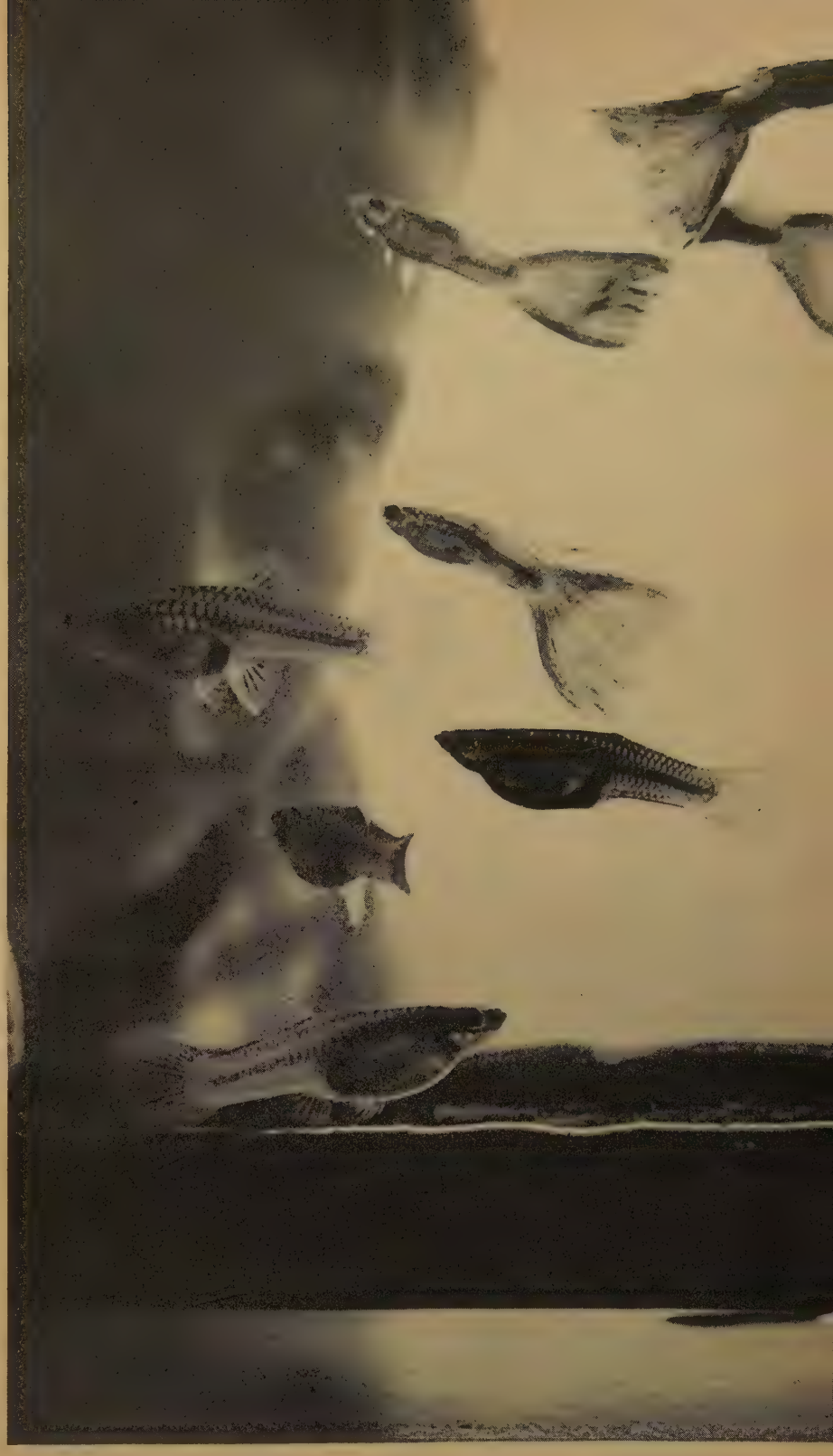


Big or little, drab or gay, guppies rarely stop their play.

"LOOK, Mom! Guppies!"

David burst excitedly into the kitchen waving a jar.

"They have real live babies only they eat them if you don't watch out, and they can live right in this jar, and I have to keep them near a radiator so they won't get too cold and die."

That's how the guppies began. I say *began* because somehow guppies never end.

The fish had been given to David by a classmate whose own guppy tanks had filled beyond capacity. This should have been sufficient warning. It wasn't.

"Look, honey," I said, "those poor little things can't live in that tiny jar. I'll have Daddy stop by the pet shop tonight and pick up a small aquarium with some plants and gravel. Maybe he can get a book about guppies, too."

Four sons, all pet crazy, have gathered a motley collection of wildlife through the years. It didn't seem that two small fish would make any great difference in our lives.

That evening Father came home with the necessary equipment and a booklet, *All About Guppies,* by Leon F. Whitney (Practical Science Publishing Co., 75¢). Available at most pet stores, it turned out to be the most comprehensive and concise publication we bought.

We already knew that the guppy's mating habits are similar to those of other animals, and that the mother gives birth to living young. Further reading assured us that raising guppies is easy, fun, educational—and not at all hard on the pocketbook!

Looking back now, we suggest restraint in accepting the generalities of any enthusiast, particularly about costs. No doubt, though, raising guppies is easy. The knack lies in *not* raising them.

The next Saturday we invaded,

en masse, a nearby tropical-fish shop. When we emerged, several dollars later, each boy proudly bore a portion of our investment, a three-gallon aquarium, two pairs of fish, gravel, plants, food, and the big, black snails essential as scavengers.

The next few days were a frenetic round of aging water, setting up aquaria, and observing fish. The boys were staying indoors each afternoon. Frequently, collections of neighborhood youngsters and schoolmates would come tracking through to stand before the guppy tanks, smudging the glass with nose and handprints.

We have hot-water heat and the house is thermostatically maintained at 72 degrees so we needed no heaters for our small tanks. We simply set them on the radiators. With steam heat this would have been impossible. The fish would have been parboiled.

The guppy, we soon learned, is a colorful little fellow. Whether courting, swishing into a corner to nip playfully at a snail, or exploring the lush growth of his miniature underwater jungle, he is seldom still. He is curious about people and will swim to the front of the aquarium to trail along the glass after our extended fingers.

Papa is the Beau Brummell of the guppy world. Mamma guppy is larger, more lethargic, and usually a drab color. Neither is a loving parent. Mamma's life is a never-ending round of reproduction. She will have her first litter at about three months and another approximately once each month thereafter. Each litter contains from 15 to 100 babies. The only time Mamma gets a change of scene is her few hours in the maternity tank. One impregnation may result in several litters, so even if she never sees her mate again she can look forward to three to five additional batches of youngsters. She gets her revenge by eating as many as she can catch!

It is always wise to transfer the expectant mother to a private receptacle or maternity tank; otherwise Papa and all the friends and neighbors will gather around for a free feed from which few youngsters survive.

When our first mother appeared sufficiently swollen, I transferred her to a flower vase filled with floating plants in which the youngsters could hide. She chose some awkward hour of the night to give birth. We first heard the news through Danny, our youngest and earliest riser.

"Mommy, Mommy," he hailed, rousing me from a sound sleep. "We've had a baby! We've had a baby!"

I hastened downstairs and was almost overrun by other members of the household converging on the vase from all directions. Those first baby guppies—seven of them—were a real thrill. But each of the boys owned two pairs of fish, and suddenly everybody was expecting at once. In the small space of one month we found ourselves the somewhat bewildered owners of over 50 baby guppies and their parents.

It was obvious that the small fish could not live for long in their cramped containers. The time had come to enlarge our guppy operation. We thought two 20-gallon tanks with heaters, filters, and an air pump would be sufficient for their needs.

We filled the tanks and aged the water by letting it stand overnight so the chlorine, which kills fish, would evaporate. Then began the task of sexing the baby guppies. The book had assured me that this was a relatively simple task. "After a week," it said, "the sex of the guppy is easy to determine. By this time the female will be found to have a small darkened area at the base of her tail fin. If this is hard to see with the naked eye, hold the fish up to a light or use a magnifying glass."

I held the fish up to the light. I used a magnifying glass. I held the fish up to the light *and* used a magnifying glass. Sometimes it seemed nobody had spots. Then it seemed everybody had spots. Soon I was guessing frantically. Father howled with laughter.

By the time I had our fish separated hopefully, as much as scientifically, the birth process was starting all over again with the original parents. The 20-gallon tanks were becoming teeming, radiator-top tenements. When we had to press basement laundry tubs into service, neighbors and friends began referring to our home as a fish hatchery. When one of the boys hopefully suggested the bathtub as home for our most recent litter, I balked. Some of the fish had to go.

I called pet shops in the area, but none was interested in buying additional guppies unless they were truly outstanding specimens. Ours hadn't matured to the point where we knew. We gave a few pairs to friends, but this scarcely made a dent. Father suggested flushing them down the drain, but the boys were horrified.

Our favorite pet-shop owner finally came to the rescue by offering to take all the fish in trade for a pair of white mice. We settled for two females, so the mouse population has remained static.

Guppies are fun, and their care needn't be as complex as we greenhorns made it. Any youngster will enjoy raising a few of them. A pair costs from 25¢ to $5, depending on the quality. A five-gallon aquarium with two pairs of fish allowed to breed and give birth within its confines usually provides its own population controls. A few babies will survive if the tank is planted with

FISH FACTS

The whale that took old Jonah in
Went home to sadly say:
"It's all the same with fish and men—
The big ones get away."

—R. A. Teeter

feathery foliage so they may hide from the predatory adults. Add a few snails or a catfish or two as scavengers and very little maintenance of the tank will be needed.

One must be realistic when it comes to culling if the tank becomes overcrowded. It is far less cruel to dispose of the surplus than to allow all the tank inhabitants to die a slow death of the asphyxiation that results from overcrowding.

If, however, you should wish to raise the more exotic varieties, you must be prepared to invest time and money. The money you *may* get back later, with interest. The more exotic guppies sell from $15 to $100 per pair; some go even higher. The setup for raising these intriguing little gold mines will cost anywhere from $350 to $5,000.

The guppy must have room to grow to maximum size and coloration. This means providing large aerated and filtered tanks for them. The sexes must be kept separated until one plans to breed them. They must have a variety of food at regular intervals. They must be maintained at fairly constant temperatures.

If we were going to do it all over again, we'd start with one male guppy and two virgin females, paying perhaps $15 to $25 for the trio. We'd house these fish in a three-gallon tank, and have two heavily planted one-gallon jars for expectant mothers, one 20-gallon nursery for young males and another for females, each with aerator, filter, heater, light, and reflector. We'd buy the largest pump available to carry the burden of aerating several tanks, and be prepared for a jump in the electric bill of as much as $5 per month.

Within three months, we'd add two more 20-gallon tanks with equipment. Ultimately we'd expect to have about 10 of the 20-gallon tanks, 15 three-gallon tanks, and 25 one-gallon jars in our fish room. If our fish were to breed true, or if we should develop a superior strain, we'd look forward to considerable profit within a few years. We could be sure it would be a stimulating and challenging venture.

Raised in moderation or in rapidly multiplying numbers, the little fish that catches people pays ample dividends to those who devote their time to him.

Name Your Hobby

ASH TRAYS: Lois Lounsberry, R. 3, Penn Yan, N.Y. (in shapes of U.S. states).

AUTO LICENSE PLATES: Howard Lashley, 2713 Monroe St., Wilmington, N.C.

BUTTERFLIES: Brad Wooldridge, Box 244, Sublette, Kans.

CAMPAIGN BUTTONS: Richard Travis, 801 Northwestern Dr., Storm Lake, Iowa.

CHESS: John L. VanLandingham, 411 W. Marion St., Chattahoochee, Fla. (by mail).

CHURCH BULLETINS: Wallace Nolin, 1504 Haynes St., Barberton, Ohio.

COINS: David Cundiff, 642 San Miguel, Sunnyvale, Calif. (Mercury dimes).

COLOR PRINTS: Ruth M. Phillips, 637 N. Main St., Kenton, Ohio (Japanese wood block).

GENEALOGY: Mrs. Rex W. Pershing, 1076 N. Cedar St., Galesburg, Ill. (Pershing); Leota E. Clardy, 302 W. First St., Maryville, Mo. (Clardy, Pew, Bates, Taylor); Mrs. David Rackley, PO Box 126, Coats, Kans. (Bowden, Clopton, Coulter, Dean, Floyd, Freeman, Gordon, Love, Pickett, Porter, Pryor, Rackley, Spear, Speer, Teeter); David Vogeding, PO Box 61, Elizabeth, W.Va. (Vogeding).

Carl L. Lindberg, PO Box 666, Warren, Pa. (King); Mrs. Clella Y. Goodson, 2026 Colby Ave., Los Angeles 25, Calif. (Baker, Bartow, Beardsley, Cain, Caine, Childs, Dutton, Goodson, Hamilton, Hull, Jones, Mathison, McCready, Miller, Nichols, Nicholas, Nicholson, Nims, Sutton, Smead, Wells, Wilkinson, Worthington, Young); Don L. Collins, 505 La Loma Rd., Glendale 6, Calif. (Bullock, Collins, Harrison, Hilborn, Hill, Watson).

Mrs. Wayne Lewis, R. 4, Falls City, Nebr. (Adams, Chapman, Chappell, Clark, Davis, Gebhard, Koster, Lewis, Mullins, Parker, Ruegge, Sikes, Snider, Wiese); Rev. Robert L. Brandstatter, Box 221, Fairview, Ill. (Colver, Culver, Fitch, Brandstatter); Mrs. Dan Kelty, 9056 Rancho Real, Temple City, Calif. (Kelty, Goold, Booth, McDowell, Holloway).

GREETING CARDS: Dorothea C. Collins, 178 Rounds St., New Bedford, Mass. (Brownie Christmas cards).

HORTICULTURE: Mrs. Frank Harrison, Box 25, Endeavor, Wis. (growing tea roses & perennials).

INSECTS: Betty Sue Bussell, R. 1, Box 242, Church Hill, Tenn.

MATCHBOOKS: Ronald K. Hines, R. 1, Box 38, West Paducah, Ky.

MUSTACHE CUPS: Carl Schee, R. 4, Box 160, Mount Pleasant, Iowa.

PARTY FAVORS: Mrs. Jeanette Kelloway, 314 N. 39th St., Camden 5, N.J.

PAPERWEIGHTS: Rev. Ernest Kelloway, 314 N. 39th St., Camden 5, N.J.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS: Peter Uhlig, Radebeul-2, Kotitzerstrasse 15, German Democratic Republic, Germany (jazz).

POETRY: Susan Good, c/o Postmaster, Williamsport, Pa.; Mrs. Esther Bottrell, Eastern Star Home, Macon, Ill.; Mrs. Orrin Albin, RR 2, Box 42, Tuscola, Ill.

POST CARDS: Barbara Kerstetter, 10607 SE 176, Renton, Wash.; Mrs. Mary Nichols, RD 1, Andover, Conn. (of covered bridges).

POSTMARKS: Mrs. Harry Crater, RD 2, Pottstown, Pa.; Mrs. Mae W. McCoombe, 719 W. Fisher Ave., Philadelphia 20, Pa.; Marilyn Minyard, 166 Granite St., Quincy 69, Mass.

RECIPES: Mrs. Genevieve Lynch Copeland, 440 E. 6th St., Alton, Ill. (unusual).

RUGS: Jane Betz, Adams, Ind. (weaving).

SCARVES: Carol Ruhlen, Middle Rd., East Concord, N.Y. (of states).

STAMPS: Mrs. Mable Bates, 3314 N. Kansas, Topeka, Kans.; Mike McCaw, RR 2, Aledo, Ill.; Mrs. Kenneth McCaw, RR 2, Aledo, Ill. (U.S.); Carol Ann Boyd, 2026 46th Ave., San Francisco 16, Calif.; James A. Calhoun, 226 Moreland, Borger, Tex.; Paul H. Schafer, 107 Washington Ave., Amityville, N.Y.; Mrs. J. L. Carter, 908 S. Ellison, El Reno, Okla.; Mrs. Mona A. Lenfers, Box 511, Chattahoochee, Fla. (U.S.).

TAPE RECORDINGS: Edgar John Workman, Meadow St., PO Box 40, Rockhill Furnace, Pa. (playing recorded Methodist hymns in churches).

TELEGRAPH KEYS: Mrs. William F. Moreau, 639 Russell Ave., Johnstown, Pa. (and other old communication instruments).

WRITING: David Craley, 14 Ross St., Ripley, N.Y. (short stories, poetry, sports).

PEN PALS (open to age 18): Jonelle Dagley (11), 4340 Yecker, Kansas City, Kans.; Ingeborg Ritscher (17), Dresden A 29, Klopstockstrasse 9, Germany-DDR; Laura Harris (13), 3379 N. 88th St., Milwaukee 22, Wis.; Susan Neville (11), Wood Lane, Newnan, Ga.; Maja Bohlert (17), Halle 1 Saale, Grosse Ulrichstrasse 42, Germany-DDR; Loi Winnans (16), 1964 Dellwood Dr., Fort Wayne, Ind.; Carrolyn Sue Jordan (15), RR 3, Williar Dr., Corydon, Ind.; Dinah Lea Anderson (15), RR 4, Box 62, Corydon, Ind.

Mavis Shattuck (13), Gregory, S.Dak.; Sue Ellen (15) and Nancy Ann (11) Nelson, 1915 Clark Ave., Billings, Mont.; Penny Ann Hoover (15), 1245 Howard Ave., Billings, Mont.; Jane Hohnstein (11), Box 147, Giltner, Nebr.; Elaine Warne (12), 97 E. King St., South Zanesville, Ohio; Judy Wolf (14), R. 2, Midland, Mich.; Bette Abraham (10), Box 172, Montfort, Wis.; Martha Metts (7), 3057 W. Owasse Blvd., St. Paul 12, Minn.; Mary-Ellen French (16), Randall Hill, Springfield, Vt.

Karen Scaia (12), 203 Kinne St., East Syracuse, N.Y.; Edward Schrimpe (10), RD, Milford, N.J.; Raymond Gernhardt (13), RD Box 147, Pittstown, N.J.; Mary Donley (16), R. 1, Jewett, Ohio; Dorothy Drasher (17), 206 W. College Ave., State College, Pa.; Marion E. Loomis (13), RD 4, Fulton, N.Y.; Suzanne Rowe (10), R. 2, Box 559, Sanford, Fla.; Betsy Turner (14), 39 Kirkwood Rd., NE, Atlanta 17, Ga.

Adalbert Pusch (16), Zittau, Friedensstrasse 40 b, Germany; Ilene Reed (12), Box 264, Lansford, N.Dak.; Billy (11) and Betty (10) Neal, Shell Rock, Iowa; Bobby (14) and Steven (13) Adams, RFD 2, Box 153, Springfield, Vt.; John Spires (8), Box 322, Bynum, Ala.; Ray Tarver (15), 427 Angular St., Clinton, Ky.; Sharon Knopp (15), 512 Lincoln, Topeka, Kans.; Jacqueline Rossow (15), 3233 Ardmore Trail, South Bend 28, Ind.; Lynette Barclay (15), 715 Kearney St., Manhattan, Kans.; Floy Warren (15), R. 2, Guthrie, Ky.

Sharman Lenore Duden (10), Jud, N.Dak.; Gary Anderson (9), 1713 3rd Ave., NW, Waverly, Iowa; Sandra Carpenter (13), R. 1, Box 21, Spencer, W.Va.; Margaret Blaine (14), 9664 E. Cortada St., El Monte, Calif.; Janet Becker (14), 7223 W. Green Lake Way, Seattle 3, Wash.; Sandra Crosby (13), Hoffman Route, Livingston, Mont.; Mary Gwin (11), 710 Buchanan St., Charleston, Ill.; Terry Powell (14), 4405 NE 66th, Portland 18, Oreg.; Patti Lynn Wright (16), 4419 Forest Ave., Des Moines 11, Iowa.

Jackie Sue Powers (10), 313 SE Queenstown, Bartlesville, Okla.; Cheryl Jarvis (13), 51 College St., Butler, Ohio; Miriam Arnold (13), 34 E. "D" St., Brunswick, Md.; Jeanette Thomas (15), 905 Timberman Rd., Columbus 12, Ohio; Brenda Christy (12), R. 5, Clarksville, Tenn.; James (18) and Pat (13) Mooney, 33 Home Ave., Gibbstown, N.J.; Sandra Smith (14), 210 S. Main St., West Unity, Ohio; Shelley Cotter (10), 123 S. Main St., West Unity, Ohio; Evelyn Wickey (13), 554 Monument Ave., Wyoming, Pa.; Carol Ruhlen (17), Middle Road, East Concord, N.Y.; Linda Sue Smith (11), R. 1, Allensville, Ky.; Linda (8) and Lu Ann (6) Moser, 406 Cyrus St., Point Marion, Pa.

MAKE A Christmas Wreath

By RUTH ADAMS MURRAY

TINY WREATHS made from jar rubbers are extra-special fun because you can decorate them so many different ways.

First, ask Mother or Dad to punch a small hole in the little lump at the top of the jar rubber. Next, make a pretty bow from a small piece of ribbon and fasten it in the hole. Then decorate the wreath any way you choose. You may want to spread clear glue on one side of the jar rubber and then drop tiny shells, glitter, or sequins onto the glue. Or paste colored stars on it.

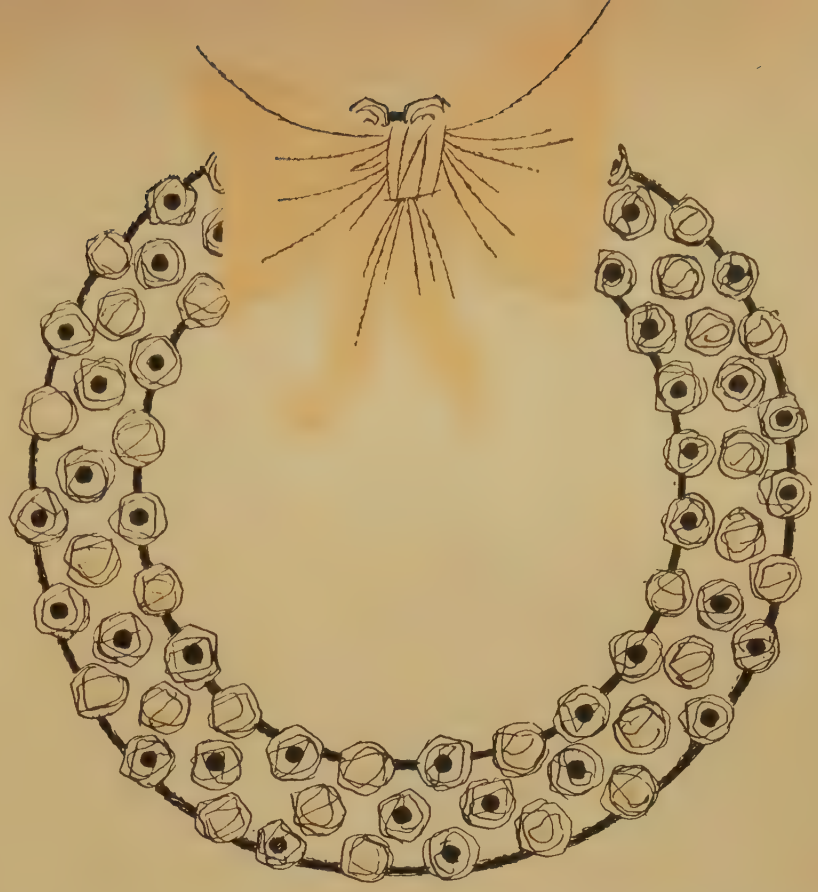
For still another wreath, try wrapping the jar rubber with red and green yarn. Just use your imagination and see what special wreaths you can make. Rubber wreaths are small enough to hang on a Christmas tree—or almost anywhere!

TO make a wreath from cupcake papers, first cut a narrow ring out of cardboard or heavy paper. If you use cardboard, you will probably want to paint the wreath first or cover it with pretty wrapping paper. Fasten a gay ribbon bow to one spot on the ring and then paste cupcake papers all around the wreath.

If you have some old Christmas cards, cut out little pictures to paste in the center of each cupcake paper—or you might want to draw the pictures yourself. Cupcake wreaths look nice hanging on an inside door, and if you choose the pictures carefully, your wreath will tell everyone just what Christmas means to you.

IT takes quite a while to make a big egg-carton wreath unless lots of people help. That's why this wreath is a good project for a church-school class or any group of boys and girls.

First, cut a big ring out of heavy corrugated cardboard. The cardboard should be thick enough for you to stick thumb tacks into it. (If it isn't, cut two wreaths the same size and glue them together.) Then cover the cardboard wreath with aluminum foil and tie a big bow on one side. Next, cut the little "cups" off several egg cartons (the lumpy kind), trim the sides of each cup, and wrap them in aluminum foil. Now fasten each cup to the wreath with a colored thumb tack. When the wreath is completely covered with shiny egg-carton cups, it will glisten "Merry Christmas" to everyone who sees it!



Thanks, Small Fry!

Last Christmas we asked you boys and girls to send us drawings of "The Nicest Thing About Christmas." We received hundreds and hundreds of wonderful drawings—and wished we could print all of them in TOGETHER. That wasn't possible, of course, but we did print some of the drawings; and you'll find them beginning on page 37 of this issue. Thanks once again, *Small Fry* friends, for all your drawings and your nice letters!

Long, Long Ago

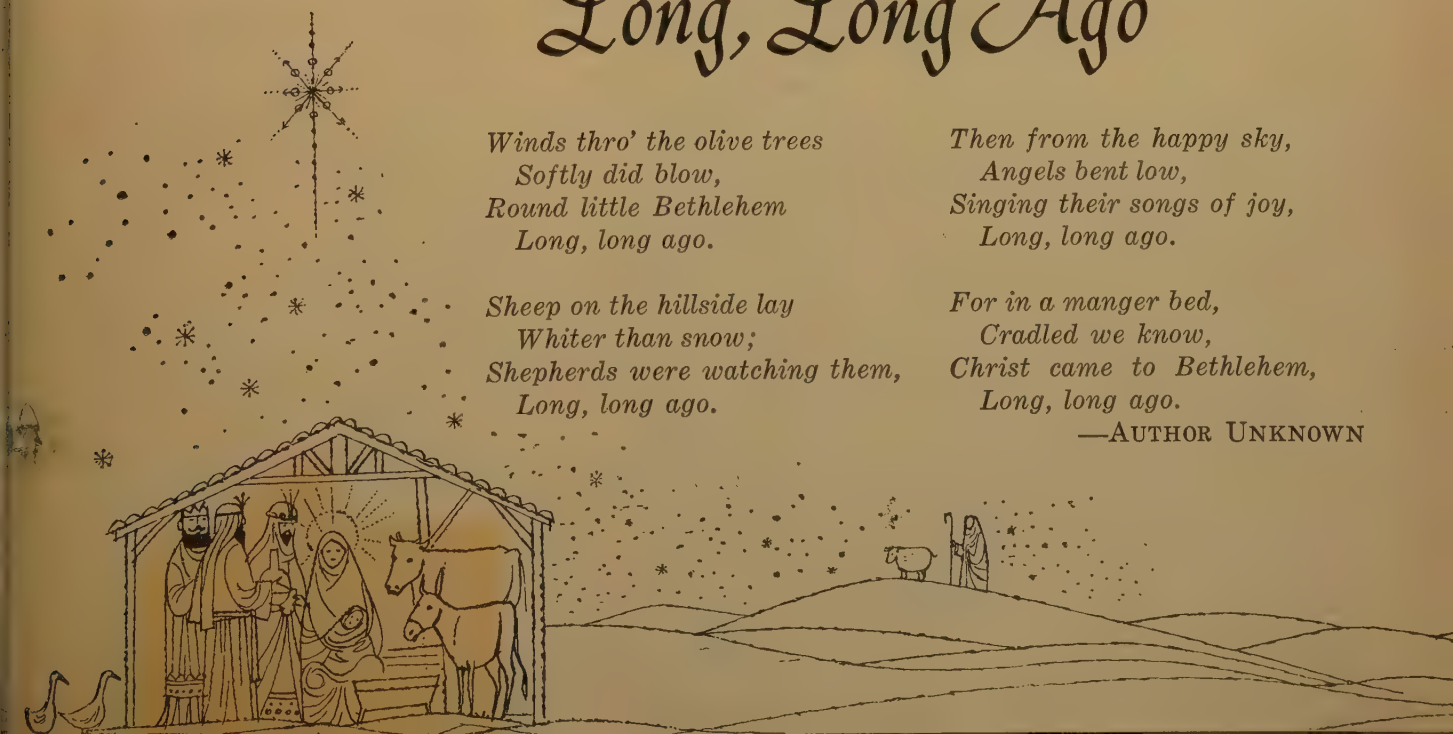
Winds thro' the olive trees
Softly did blow,
Round little Bethlehem
Long, long ago.

Sheep on the hillside lay
Whiter than snow;
Shepherds were watching them,
Long, long ago.

Then from the happy sky,
Angels bent low,
Singing their songs of joy,
Long, long ago.

For in a manger bed,
Cradled we know,
Christ came to Bethlehem,
Long, long ago.

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN



The Royston Church: Here young members test their leadership.

University of Georgia journalism students report what happens twice a year at Royston . . .

When Youth Takes Over

YOUNG METHODISTS in Royston, Ga., a small town in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, have made Student Recognition Sunday a twice-a-year high light on the local-church calendar. With enthusiasm that fairly crackles, they virtually run the church for a day—and usually come up with fresh ideas that keep older members on their toes the rest of the year.

Attendance swells when, on alternate Student Recognition Sundays, college and high-school students take over all administrative and teaching responsibilities in the church school, assist at morning worship and conduct the entire evening service. Each special day is a meaningful experience for the entire 335-member congregation. While the students learn more about the obligations of church membership, their elders' eyes are opened to the purposefulness of the young people. Invariably, the two groups are drawn closer in a spirit of sharing and mutual understanding.

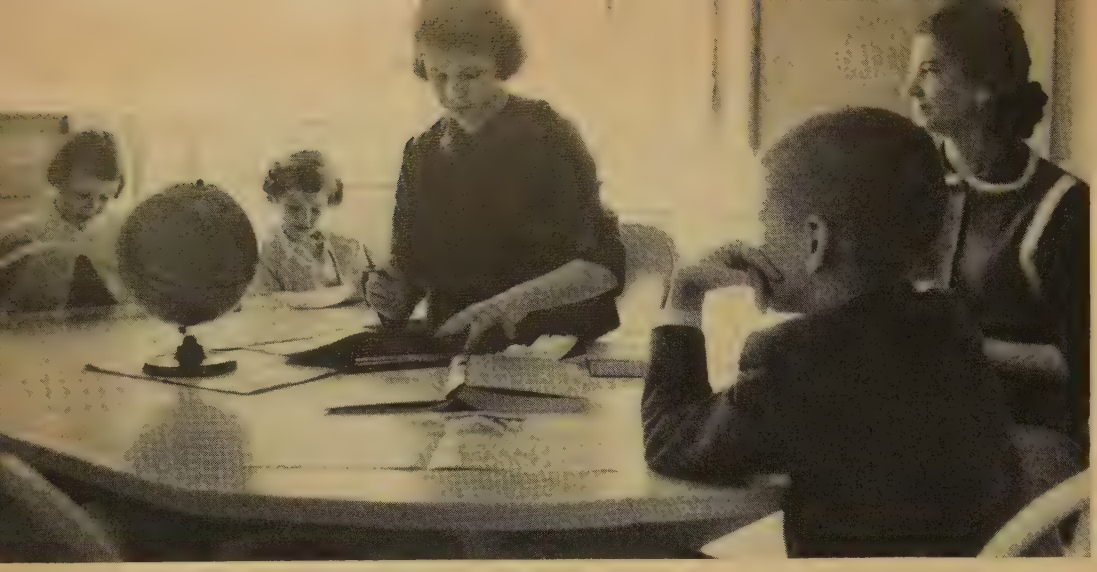
Neal Windom, the Royston pastor, initiated the program three years ago. The young people, led by MYF President Carolyn Varner, enthusiastically suggested the "youth take over" idea as the way they could best participate fully in the program and put new meaning into the observance. Now firmly established, this program is one evidence of the spirit

Jane Bracewell and Pat Harling, two university journalism students, found these well-groomed ushers-for-a-day willing interview subjects. You can see the boys took their jobs seriously.

What does a teen-ager—especially a girl—do when she's faced with the assignment of teaching a men's Sunday-school class? Susan Ridgeway was apprehensive at first, but because she carefully prepared the lesson in advance, she had smooth sailing on Sunday morning.

Wide-eyed toddlers, doll-cuddlers, and lap-sitters keep Sharon Fowler hopping in her job as nursery supervisor.

Journalism Professor George M. Abney keeps his own camera busy while his students cover the Royston story for TOGETHER.



Gloria Hannah, leading a class of third-graders, finds discipline no problem —so long as she keeps interest high.

and vitality that helped the Royston congregation win honors in 1959 as one of American Methodism's 25 most effective town and country churches.

To get the full story, TOGETHER contacted the Henry W. Grady School of Journalism at the University of Georgia in Athens, just 30 miles from Royston. Six students, under the direction of Professor George M. Abney, were assigned to do the reporting and photography. Those who participated were Nancy Eberhart, Mary Fortson, Jane Bracewell, Pat Harling, Marcia Powell, and Dan Keever.

How well did they do? The reader can judge from their work on these pages. Mr. Windom's verdict: "Splendid!"

The value of Royston's student-recognition programs? A young journalist (right) receives an enthusiastic report from the Rev. Neal Windom and MYF President Sallye Sanders.

Leading evening worship at the end of their busy day, Royston youths stage a drama highlighting the role of the church in their lives.

METHODIST MEN SEEK MILLION MEMBERS BY '64

At its quadrennial organizational meeting in Evanston, Ill., the Methodist Board of Lay Activities elected as president R. Howard Berg of Melbourne, Fla., and established ambitious membership and financial goals for the next four years.

Berg, lay leader of the Florida Conference, succeeds Publisher Ray H. Nichols of Vernon, Tex. For the next four years he will head the 41-man board which supervises the church's total program of lay activities, its department of stewardship and finance, and the cultivation of some 13,500 chartered Methodist Men clubs throughout the world.

Also elected officers were H. Owen DeWeese, Elwood, Ind., vice-president, and William C. Patten, Albuquerque, N. Mex., recording secretary.

W. Rolfe Brown, Villa Park, Ill., was re-elected treasurer, and Dr. Robert G. Mayfield, general secretary.

In keeping with new legislation, the board elected five members at large in addition to members chosen to represent the six jurisdictions of the Church.

Heading the board's major committees are Pat Thompson, Bay City, Tex. (stewardship and finance); Carl E. Waite, White Plains, N.Y. (Methodist Men); and Dr. Clare N. Petit, Parlier, Calif. (committee on training, literature, and promotion).

The board established a three-man committee to assist in making a preliminary study to activate "schools for laymen in practical Christianity," and also voted:

- To have a million members of Methodist Men in 15,000 chartered clubs by 1964.
- To aim at 600 outlets for the Methodist Men's Hour radio program by 1964, with stress upon more adequate distribution in the 50 states.
- To work toward a 25 per cent increase in the number of tithers in each local church and an increase of not less than 10 per cent in per-capita giving for all purposes.
- To authorize the editor of *The Methodist Layman* to arrange for reporters in every district to assist in gathering news of lay activities.

The board also heard reports that an estimated 100,000 men attended Methodist laymen's retreats during the past year.

Following his election as president of the Methodist Board of Lay Activities, R. Howard Berg (second from right) huddles with other officers to talk over future plans at the board's quadrennial organizational meeting in Evanston, Ill. Others (left to right) are: W. Rolfe Brown, re-elected treasurer; H. Owen DeWeese, elected vice-president, and William C. Patten, recording secretary.

Protestants Distribute Congressional Vote Record

A compilation of how members of the 86th Congress voted on major issues during the past two years has been issued in Washington, D.C., by 14 co-operating Protestant denominational agencies.

Designed to give voters an "impartial analysis" of how their representatives and senators voted on key issues, the report, *The Christian Citizen Looks at the 86th Congress,* follows the form of similar voting analyses published and widely distributed during the 1956 and 1958 elections.

Among 11 key issues selected for study of the House of Representatives were extension of the military draft; increased grants for control of water pollution; final passage of the civil-rights bill; loans to underdeveloped countries; passage of the stringent version of the labor-reform bill; federal aid to education, and the final vote on the emergency-housing bill.

Also studied were 11 important actions by the Senate. Among them were repeal of the student loyalty-oath provision of the National Defense Education Act; extension of the draft; action on public housing; legislation to increase donation of agricultural surpluses overseas (which was defeated, 46 to 42); the vote by which the Senate defeated 56 to 34 efforts to strengthen the civil-rights bill, and the vote by which the Senate permitted Yugoslavia and Poland to become eligible for additional mutual security economic aid and Export-Import bank loans.

Methodist agencies co-operating in the analysis were the Board of Christian Social Concerns and the Woman's Division of Christian Service.

Religion Next to Last

Less than 5 per cent of the $625 million distributed in an average year by the more than 5,000 philanthropic foundations in the U.S. is used for religious purposes.

A report released by the Foundation Library Center shows that religion receives about $28,065,000—next to last among the various fields in which the grants are made. The least amount, a yearly average of $13,609,000, goes to government.

Of the total grants made for religious purposes in an average year, theological seminaries get 44 per cent, churches 26 per cent, church-related schools 9 per cent, welfare programs 6 per cent, and ministers 5 per cent.

Education is the chief benefactor, with an average distribution of $257,090,000. Following it are health, $98,343,000; social welfare, $90,585,000; scientific research, $71,212,000; humanities, $33,922,000, and international affairs, $32,705,000.

'Talk Back' TV Series In Australia, Norway

The Methodist Church's *Talk Back* television series now is being or has been aired in 109 communities in 43

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states and the District of Columbia, in addition to runs in Canada and Australia.

These figures were released by Dr. Harry C. Spencer, Nashville, Tenn., general secretary of the Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission, which produced the series in co-operation with the National Council of Churches.

In five states—California, Indiana, Pennsylvania, Texas, and Washington—a total of five or more communities have telecast *Talk Back*. Moreover, the entire series of 26 programs has been extended through repeat runs in several TV areas.

The program consists of a filmed dramatization of an everyday problem followed by a live, local-panel discussion of its religious implications.

Panels featured on each *Talk Back* telecast are interdenominational, and laymen and ministers who participate are encouraged to describe ways in which their own faith would help them to answer the problems.

While changes in panel personnel easily give a new look and new content to the program, some television stations record the panel portion of *Talk Back* programs so it may be used with the film for reaching more than one audience. In Portsmouth, Va., for instance, the Sunday *Talk Back* program is rerun each Thursday night.

Although *Talk Back* currently has been extended into foreign showings only in Canada and Australia, the series is being used experimentally in Norway. Inquiries also have been received from networks in other countries.

Here is a list of TV markets in which *Talk Back* is being or has been aired:

Alabama—Birmingham, Montgomery. Alaska—Fairbanks. Arizona—Phoenix, Tucson. Arkansas—Fort Smith, Little Rock. California—Fresno, Los Angeles, Redding, Sacramento, San Francisco. Colorado—Colorado Springs, Denver. Connecticut—New Haven. District of Columbia—Washington. Florida—Gainesville, Jacksonville, Miami, Orlando.

Georgia—Albany, Macon, Savannah. Hawaii—Honolulu. Idaho—Boise. Illinois—Champaign, Indiana—Evansville, Ft. Wayne, Indianapolis, Lafayette, Muncie, Terre Haute. Iowa—Des Moines, Sioux City. Kansas—Ensign-Garden City, Topeka. Kentucky—Lexington, Louisville. Louisiana—Baton Rouge, Monroe, New Orleans.

Maine—Portland. Maryland—Baltimore. Massachusetts—Boston, Springfield. Michigan—Grand Rapids. Minnesota—Duluth, Minneapolis-St. Paul. Mississippi—Columbus, Meridian. Missouri—St. Louis, Sedalia, Springfield. Montana—Great Falls. Nebraska—Hastings. New Mexico—Carlsbad. New York—Buffalo, Schenectady.

North Carolina—Charlotte, Greensboro, Raleigh. North Dakota—Williston, Fargo. Ohio—Cincinnati, Columbus, Toledo. Oklahoma—Oklahoma City, Tulsa. Oregon—Portland. Pennsylvania—Erie, Harrisburg, Lancaster, Lock Haven, Philadelphia, Scranton. Rhode Island—Providence. South Carolina—Charleston, Florence, Columbia. South Dakota—Rapid City, Sioux Falls.

Tennessee—Knoxville, Nashville. Texas—Amarillo, Austin, Beaumont, Houston, Midland-Odessa, Temple-Waco. Virginia—Harrisonburg, Richmond, Norfolk-Portsmouth. Washington—Pasco, Yakima, Ephrata, Lewiston, Seattle-Spokane. West Virginia—Charleston, Wheeling. Wisconsin—Madison, Milwaukee.

Canada—Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. Port Arthur, London, Kitchener, Sault Ste. Marie, and Cornwall, Ontario. Edmonton, Alberta. Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. Kelowna, British Columbia.

Australia—Melbourne.

Norway—Norwegian Television Service (national network).

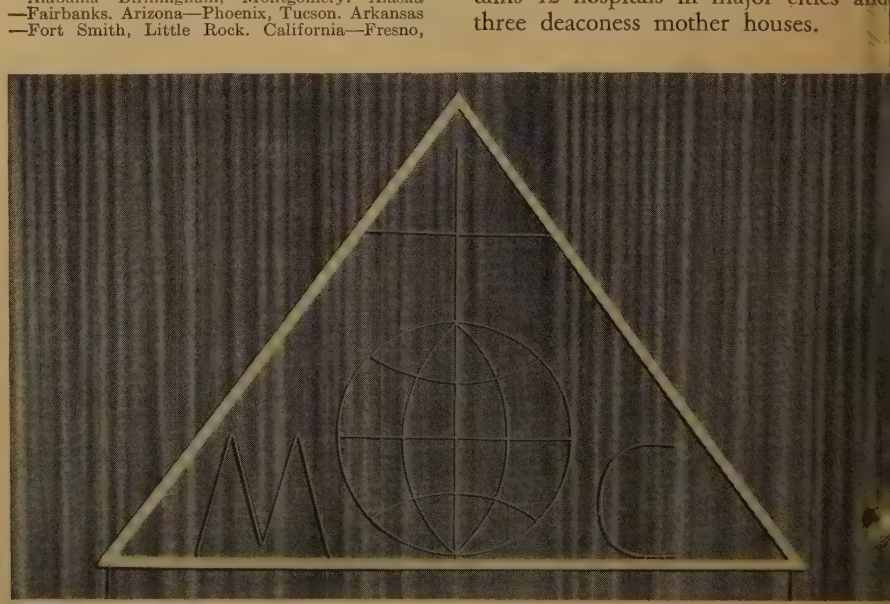
Berlin Methodism: 100 Years

German Methodists in West and East Berlin held special services marking the 100th anniversary of Methodism in the divided city.

The celebrations took place in connection with the Annual Conference of the Methodist Church in Germany, also held in Berlin.

Methodist work in Germany began in 1831, but The German Methodist Church wasn't established until 1850. Methodism spread to Berlin 10 years later.

German Methodists now total about 100,000, with some 40 per cent located in the Soviet Zone. The church has about 1,000 parishes served by 300 pastors and 1,000 lay preachers. It maintains 12 hospitals in major cities and three deaconess mother houses.



Fabricated in aluminum under the direction of Bishop Ferdinand Sigg Geneva Area, this design formed the background for the World Methodis Council Executive Committee meeting in Zurich, Switzerland, last summer It will be used on material for the 1961 World Methodist Conference

'Ugly Americans' Abroad

All too many of the 1,125,000 U.S. servicemen abroad are ignorant of the unfavorable impressions they make there, declared Dr. Marion J. Creeger in a report to a conference of the United Service Organizations in New York City.

Dr. Creeger is executive secretary of the National Council of Churches' commission on chaplains and armed forces personnel.

While observing that not all U.S. personnel are "ugly Americans," he said, "I report to you as a clergyman and also as an American citizen who is profoundly disturbed." [For news of a positive program of servicemen's relations with the civilians of other nations, see *Port Lyautey's Quiet Revolution,* page 24.]

He said Protestant hospitality houses in the Far East are too few to scratch the surface. "I only hope that somehow we can shake church people out of their lethargy," he added. "We don't have to coddle these boys, but we should give them a chance in a strange land to maintain something of the standard of behavior we maintain in our own homes."

Project to Probe How U.S. Churches Fight Delinquency

Participants in a two-day meeting in New York on the church's role in preventing juvenile delinquency and rehabilitating offenders endorsed a proposal calling for a $175,000 nationwide research program to determine just what Protestant churches are doing about delinquency.

The proposal was presented to some 70 educators, ministers, and youth-work specialists in government, church-related and private agencies. They had been called together for consultation by the National Council of Churches' department of social welfare.

Dr. Lauris B. Whitman, head of the NCC's bureau of research and survey, presented the proposal. He said present church programs dealing with juvenile delinquency are "sporadic and piecemeal," and that a research program is needed so churches can plan a concerted attack on the problem.

The proposal calls for a report to a national interdenominational conference on the churches and juvenile delinquency in the spring of 1962, where findings would be used as a basis for program planning.

NCC General Secretary Roy G. Ross, however, called the issue so urgent and serious that "we dare not wait for complete statistics."

Meanwhile, in a report to be distributed for study by the NCC's 33 constituent denominations, the consultation defined the churches' role in prevention and rehabilitation.

The City of Santa Fe:

Flower of the Yesterdays

THIS U.S. postage stamp, vintage 1960, commemorates the 350th anniversary of Santa Fe, N.Mex., oldest seat of government in the nation. It also pictures our oldest public building which, though called the Palace of the Governors, was built of sun-dried mud bricks by the Spanish in 1610. It is tied inextricably with the lore of a city, state, and country—but also symbolizes the beginnings, trials, and triumphs of Methodism in the territory ceded by Mexico to the United States in 1848.

Two years later the Rev. E. G. Nicholson, a Methodist from Independence, Mo., braved the trail to Santa Fe. And in the council chamber of the ancient Palace he held his first Santa Fe service, taking his text from 1 Corinthians 2:1-2:

And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.

Mr. Nicholson returned to Santa Fe three years later to baptize the first Methodist converts. Accompanying him was the Rev. Benigno Cardenas, a converted priest, who preached his first sermon as a Methodist minister and surrendered his Roman Catholic credentials during a public ceremony in Santa Fe's plaza in front of the Palace of the Governors.

For years Methodism made little headway in this territory, largely settled by Spanish Americans. But commerce and the Army brought Protestants and occasional Methodist circuit riders. One of the latter was famed "Father" John L. Dyer, the "snowshoe itinerant" [see *Bible, Gold Dust, and Skis,* April, page 34]. The Rev. Thomas Harwood, who came to New Mexico in 1870, did a phenomenal service by establishing many of the first Methodist Episcopal churches in the state, as well as a girl's school in Albuquerque which today bears his name.

Appropriately, Santa Fe's Palace of the Governors today is a museum. In 1878, General Lew Wallace, then territorial governor, worked there night after night at a crude pine desk lighted by an oil lamp, writing his book, *Ben-Hur.* The Palace has known the governments of four different nations. Spanish colonizers came first in 1610—10 years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth—only to be driven out in 1680 by the Pueblo Indians. DeVargas restored it to Spain in 1692. Mexico made it headquarters after gaining independence from Spain; so did Uncle Sam when New Mexico became a territory of the United States. From that time, except for about one month when Confederate soldiers occupied Santa Fe, the Palace has been under U.S. jurisdiction.

Today, Methodism in Santa Fe and New Mexico is growing faster than in any other state. Membership in the state has increased 145 per cent over the past 16 years. Since 1944, the number of Methodists has zoomed from 30,528 to 78,723.

All major Protestant denominations now have churches in Santa Fe. Largest is St. John's Methodist, with nearly 1,600 members. Where Las Vegas road enters the city from the south, its Spanish-influenced sanctuary bids warm welcome to tourists. By night, its stained-glass window depicting Christ glows dramatically and triumphantly over historic Santa Fe, testifying to the truth of an old Spanish saying that "Tomorrow is the flower of its yesterdays."

—H. B. TEETER

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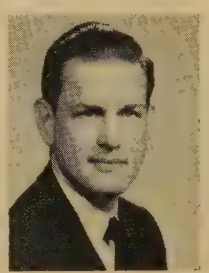
Start Revision of Hymnal

The Methodist Church's Commission on Worship has begun a study of the 695-page *Methodist Hymnal* and will make recommendations for its revision to the 1964 General Conference.

Meeting in Chicago, the commission elected officers and handed out committee assignments—first step in the work ordered by the 1960 Conference.

Bishop Edwin E. Voigt, Springfield, Ill., was re-elected chairman of the commission. He said a wide sampling of opinion throughout the church had convinced the commission that a revision of the hymnal is needed. The present hymnal was issued in 1935.



Mr. Young

The Rev. Carlton R. Young, 34, of Nashville, Tenn., has been named editor of the hymnal and will work under the direction of an executive editorial committee of the Commission on Worship.

Mr. Young, a member of the North-East Ohio Conference, has been director of the department of church music for the Methodist Publishing House since January, 1959.

The 21-member commission is divided into three working committees. Bishop Nolan B. Harmon, Charlotte, N.C., named vice-president of the commission, heads the committee on the text of hymns. Dr. Austin C. Lovelace, minister of music at First Church, Evanston, Ill., heads the committee on hymn tunes. The Rev. Will M. Hildebrand of Altadena, Calif.; superintendent of the Pasadena District, is chairman of the committee on rituals and readings.

Heads South Central Council

Dr. Robert E. Goodrich, Jr., pastor of First Church, Dallas, Tex., was elected chairman of the South Central Jurisdictional Council at its meeeting in Oklahoma City.

He succeeds Bishop Aubrey G. Walton, new head of the Louisiana Area.

Bishop Reed Re-elected

The 27-member Methodist Board of Pensions has re-elected Bishop Marshall R. Reed, Detroit, Mich., as president.

Meeting in Chicago, Ill., the board also re-elected other officers for four-year terms, chose six members at large, and heard reports that funds administered by the board have increased by more than $6 million during the past fiscal year.

Dr. Charles L. Calkins, general secretary, said that funds administered by the board now total $65,688,442.

The report, in part, called on churches to keep programs and services fully operative throughout the year and to provide worship and preaching in such a way that proclamation of the gospel is relevant and in language that can be understood and appropriated by youths.

It also urged churches to foster research, to support local, state, and national legislation aimed at preventing delinquency, to study the effects of mass media on children and young people and to co-operate with constructive efforts to improve these media.

In rehabilitation, the report said that Churches should:

- Recognize that religion is an essential rehabilitative and redemptive resource.
- Cultivate a climate of acceptance toward the juvenile offender.
- Establish co-operative service relationships with the courts and other public and voluntary agencies serving in the field of rehabilitation.
- Work with allied agencies to find the causes of the problem and determine lines of corrective action.

An Election Roundup

September and October were months when many of Methodism's boards and agencies held organizational meetings, electing new officers and re-electing others for the 1960-64 quadrennium.

The Board of Evangelism, meeting in Chicago, named 12 members-at-large and voted to have Dr. Harry Denman continue as general secretary. Bishop W. Angie Smith of Oklahoma City, president of the board since 1952, had been re-elected at an earlier meeting; Bishop Edgar A. Love of Baltimore, Md., was elected vice president.

The Board of Evangelism also named Harold L. Hermann as director of organization and administration. He had been director of public relations for *The Upper Room,* a devotional guide.

At the Board of Missions reorganizational meeting, also in Chicago, Bishop Gerald Kennedy of Los Angeles was elected president of the Division of National Missions. He also is president of the Council of Bishops.

When the Board of Hospitals and Homes met in Chicago to elect a president, the post went to Bishop Fred G. Holloway of Charleston, W. Va., who succeeds retired Bishop William T. Watkins.

Dr. Olin E. Oeschger was re-elected general secretary of the board, which has headquarters in Chicago and provides advisory and consulting services to 236 Methodist hospitals, homes for children, and homes for the aged.

Sixteen years of services as top financial guardian to The Methodist Church were recognized by the Council on World Service and Finance at a testi-

monial dinner in Chicago for Dr. Thomas B. Lugg, who retires Jan. 1 as the council's general secretary. He will be succeeded by Dr. Don A. Cooke of Bradenton, Fla.

New president of the council is Bishop Paul E. Martin of Houston, Tex. Bishop Fred P. Corson of Philadelphia was elected vice president.

Bishop Donald H. Tippett of San Francisco was re-elected president of the Television, Radio, and Film Commission, and Bishops Marvin A. Franklin of Jackson, Miss., and Lloyd C. Wicke of New York City were named vice presidents. Dr. Harry C. Spencer and all staff members were re-elected.

The position of chairman of the Commission on General Conference Entertainment and Program went to Frank E. Baker of Bryn Mawr, Pa. One duty of the group will be to select a site for the 1964 meeting.

Baker stated that the commission would attempt to give every section of the country a chance to entertain the 1964 Conference.

Name New Editors

Dr. Ewing T. Wayland of Little Rock, Ark., has been appointed editor of *Christian Advocate*. He succeeds Bishop T. Otto Nall, elected in July to head the Minnesota Area.

Announcement was made by Lovick Pierce, Methodist Publishing House president and publisher, after an executive-committee meeting of the Methodist Board of Publications. Richard C. Underwood also was named executive editor of TOGETHER.

Wayland, editor of Arkansas and Louisiana Methodist publications, has for several years directed the Methodist Information office for those two states. He is a graduate of Hendrix College, Conway, Ark., which in 1959 awarded him an honorary doctor of divinity degree. He earned a bachelor of divinity degree from Perkins School of Theology, Dallas, Tex.

Underwood, a graduate of Northwestern University's Medill School of Journalism, Evanston, Ill., had been acting as TOGETHER executive editor for several months after moving up from associate editor.

Leland D. Case is editorial director of both magazines, and the Rev. James M. Wall continues as managing editor of the *Advocate*.

Dr. Wayland

Mr. Underwood

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Anniversary Sunday To Commemorate Methodism

Sunday, January 1, 1961, will mark the first anniversary since last year's 175th commemoration celebration of the organization of Methodism as a church in the U.S. [See *175th Anniversary Edition,* November, 1959.]

In recognition of this, Dr. Elmer T. Clark, secretary of the Association of Methodist Historical Societies, has called upon Methodist churches to set aside January 1 as Anniversary Day, and to consider designating the first Sunday in January each year as a special day for recalling the founding of the church.

"A knowledge of the 175th anniversary of the famous Christmas Conference on December 24, 1784, at Baltimore, was widely observed and produced much good," he said.

"As a result, the Association of Methodist Historical Societies feels that our churches should set aside the first Sunday in January each year as Anniversary Day.

"It was at the Christmas Conference, which ran over into January, that Methodism, for the first time anywhere, was formally organized into a church."

Dr. Clark suggested that each church plan fitting services for the day, and added that observances might be more effective if they were "entirely separated from any financial appeal."

"Each pastor should preach a sermon about the Christmas Conference of 1784 and the origin and spread of early Methodism," Dr. Clark said.

He pointed out that many Methodist anniversaries are coming up, among them the 225th anniversary, May 24, 1963, of John Wesley's Aldersgate experience and, in 1966, the bi-centenary of John Street Church in New York.

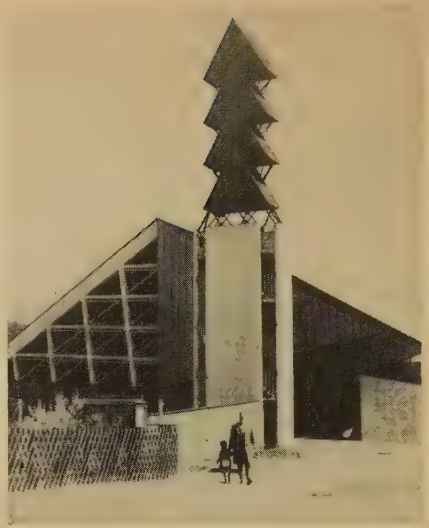
Build Center in Algiers

Methodism is building a $105,000 multi-purpose center in Algiers for its social, recreational, and spiritual ministry to Arab, Kabyle, and European constituents in Algeria.

Scheduled for completion early in 1961, the structure will be near other Methodist buildings and will provide church and church-school facilities, offices, counseling rooms, and rooms for clubs and social groups.

Cost of the project is being met in part with funds from the *Week of Dedication* and from the Woman's Division of Christian Service. The operating missionary staff will consist of a pastor, a social worker, a visiting nurse, and three missionaries.

Methodism claims only 300 Algerian members, but the church also serves a much larger community of persons who, though not baptized Christians, consider themselves "Methodist Moslems."



Inspired by the unusual design of its tower, West Berlin residents call this modern church in their city the "Christmas Tree Church."

'Rugged Cross' Still Leads

The Old Rugged Cross is still America's favorite hymn, according to a poll taken by *Christian Herald,* nondenominational Protestant magazine.

In the largest response to any of the *Herald*'s hymn surveys, readers cast 30,000 votes for their favorites. The winner and the runner-up, *What a Friend We Have in Jesus,* occupied identical positions in 1953, year of the last poll.

Others, in order of popularity, are *In the Garden; How Great Thou Art; Sweet Hour of Prayer; Abide With Me; Rock of Ages; Nearer, My God to Thee; Amazing Grace; Jesus, Lover of My Soul; Beyond the Sunset,* and *Blessed Assurance.*

Ministers voted for more stately and serious hymns, but chose *What a Friend We Have in Jesus* as their first choice.

Biggest surprise in the poll was *How Great Thou Art,* a newcomer to the U.S., which placed fourth.

Protestant Churches Plan Aid for Migrant Workers

A 10-year plan for a massive assault by Protestant churches on the poor living and working conditions of the nation's migrant crop pickers was launched in November at a National Study Conference in Washington, D.C.

The master plan drawn up will serve as a detailed blueprint for church action to eradicate ill treatment of itinerant laborers.

The conference also marked the National Council of Churches' 40th anniversary of ministering to homeless migrants.

Leaders of government and of private agencies were invited to take part. Among them was U.S. Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell, who outlined the first steps necessary to improve the lot of migrants.

As chairman of the President's Committee on Migratory Labor, Secretary Mitchell previously has sought legislation calling for a minimum wage, registration of crew leaders, safer transportation, and better housing for migratory workers.

Official delegates to the conference were chosen by 34 state Migrant Committees, Councils of Churches, church women, denominational home-mission boards, and the sponsoring group—the NCC's Migrant Ministry.

Honor Space Scientist

Dr. Hugh L. Dryden, deputy administrator of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, has received the Elliott Cresson Medal of the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, Pa.

A long-time Methodist local preacher and member of Calvary Church, Washington, D.C., Dr. Dryden was one of 23 scientists from several countries honored for leadership in space exploration.

New officers of the Woman's Division of Christian Service of the Methodist Board of Missions appear with Mrs. J. Fount Tillman (fourth from left), Lewisburg, Tenn., who was re-elected president recently at a reorganization meeting.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Of Interest to Methodists Everywhere

DECEMBER

2-3—Meeting of Association of Wesley Foundations, Nashville, Tenn.
4—Commitment Day.
4-9—General Assembly, National Council of Churches, San Francisco, Calif.
26-29—Christmas Conference, Board of Evangelism, Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.

WSCS STUDY TOPICS: General Program—*Emmanuel, God With Us,* by Miss Ruth Harris; Circle Program—*This Is His Birthday,* by Mrs. C. C. Long.

Church Membership Climbs

Membership in U.S. churches and synagogues increased by 2,669,164 last year.

According to the *Yearbook of American Churches for 1961,* published by the National Council of Churches, this figure represents a 2.4 per cent increase over 1958 and brings church membership to a record total of 112,226,905.

Last year, 63.4 per cent of America's total population of more than 178 million belonged to some church or synagogue.

Religious-education figures reported to the NCC's bureau of research and survey by 230 religious bodies list 286,572 Sunday or Sabbath schools in 1959, with 3,572,963 teachers and officers and a total enrollment of 44,066,457.

The enrollment figure represents an increase of 6.9 per cent over figures reported for 1958.

Of the 112,226,905 church and synagogue members in 1959, 226 Protestant groups reported a total of 62,543,502 communicants, as against 61,504,669 members of 224 bodies in 1958.

Among other religious groups in the 50 states and the District of Columbia, Roman Catholics last year numbered 40,871,302, Jews 5,500,000, Eastern Orthodox 2,807,612, and Buddhists 120,000.

The *Yearbook* also gives 484,489 as the total number of members in the Old Catholic, Polish National Catholic, and Armenian Church of North America parishes.

With respect to Protestant and Roman Catholic church membership, the *Yearbook* points out that "no precise comparison is possible. Most Protestant churches enumerate as members persons who have attained full membership, usually at the age of 13. Catholics regard all baptized persons, including children, as members."

In major Protestant "family" groups, Baptist bodies reported the highest inclusive membership figures for 1959—20,879,220. The next four largest were: Methodist, 12,358,861; Lutheran, 8,021,091; Presbyterian, 4,202,956, and Christian Churches (Disciples of Christ and the Churches of Christ), 3,809,064.

The *Yearbook* also notes that the majority of Protestant communicants belong to the major denominations affiliated with the National Council of Churches—39,701,079 in 33 bodies, including Orthodox and Polish National Catholic Church.

Earn German Scholarships

Two Methodist youths from La Paz, Bolivia, are doing graduate work in nuclear physics in Germany.

They are Ivan Guzmán and Dick Anda, both of whom attended the Conference of the World Student Christian Federation in Strasbourg, France, last summer. Guzmán is studying on a scholarship awarded by the German government.

Korean Students, Faculty Strike at Yonsei University

Officials of the interdenominational Yonsei University in Seoul, Korea, have restored order to the campus in the wake of anti-administration demonstrations that involved both students and faculty members.

The students, it is claimed, are seeking to extend their power after their successful agitation against former President Syngman Rhee. Some of them broke into the home of Dr. George L. Paik, chairman of Korea's House of Councilors (Senate) and former president of Yonsei. They forced him to sign a resignation as a member of the university board of trustees.

They also demanded resignations of Dr. Charles A. Sauer, a Methodist, acting chairman; Dr. Horace Underwood, acting president, a Presbyterian,

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ST. PETERSBURG—BRIGHT 2 ROOM apartments set amidst beautiful citrus trees. (Pick tree ripened grapefruit for breakfast!) Foam rubber twin beds, electric heat, electric kitchens. Quiet. Near churches, beaches, shops, attractions. 2 or 3 adults. Write for folder and map. CITRUS LANE APARTMENTS, 10695 Bay Pines Blvd. (Alt. U.S. 19), ST. PETERSBURG 8, FLORIDA.

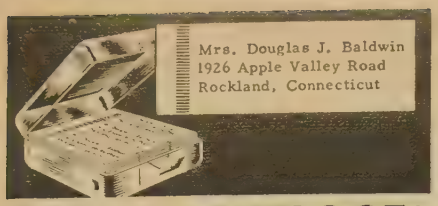
SPECIAL SERVICES

SAVE OVER HALF BY rebinding your old Methodist Hymnals. Free sample. Mail us a worn hymnal. Engel Bindery Co., 322 Southwest Blvd., Kansas City, Mo.

STATISTICS SECURED, COMPILED, CHARTS, graphs. Fee Basis. C. G. Webb, 3816 Delano St., Silver Springs, Md.

STAMPS

GIGANTIC COLLECTION FREE. Includes triangles, early United States, animals, commemoratives, British Colonies, high value pictorials, etc. Complete collection plus big illustrated magazine all free. Approvals. Send 5¢ for postage. Gray Stamp Co., Dept. TO, Toronto, Canada.



500 PRINTED NAME & ADDRESS LABELS 25¢

500 gummed economy labels printed in black with ANY name and address, 25¢ per set! In two-tone plastic gift box, 35¢ per set. 5-day service.

DE LUXE GOLD-STRIPE LABELS—500 FOR 50¢

Superior quality paper with rich-looking gold trim, printed with ANY name and address in black. Thoughtful, personal gift; perfect for your own use. Set of 500, 50¢. In two-tone plastic box, 60¢. 48-hour service.

Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. We pay the postage.

Walter Drake 2612 Drake Bldg. Colorado Springs 11, Colo.

If Your Child is a Poor Reader

See how **The Sound Way to Easy Reading** can help him to read and spell better in a few weeks. New home-tutoring course *drills* your child in phonics with records and cards. Easy to use. University tests and parents' reports show children gain up to *full year's grade* in reading skill in 6 weeks. Write for free illustrated folder and low price.

Bremner-Davis Phonics, Dept. C-81, Wilmette, Ill.

THE "Natural" GIFT for TEACHER

NEW! AUTOMATIC PENCIL FOR CHALK

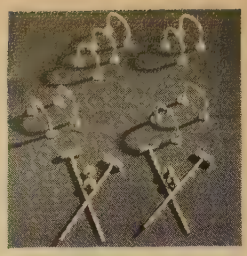
Encourage teacher's efforts with this practical token of your appreciation: **HAND-GIENIC**, the automatic pencil that holds any school chalk. Ends forever messy chalk dust on hands and clothes . . . prevents fingernails scratching on board, screeching or crumbling chalk, chalk allergy. At the push of a button, chalk ejects or retracts. Makes chalk writing or drawing a smooth pleasure.

"DIFFERENT" GIFT OF LASTING USEFULNESS

Every teaching hour teacher will bless **HAND-GIENIC** . . . and your child. 1-YR. WRITTEN GUARANTEE. Jewel-like 22K gold plated cap contrasts beautifully with onyx-black barrel. Send $2 for one, only $5 for set of 3. Postage free. Satisfaction or money back. Same day shipment. **ORDER TODAY. Exclusive! Not sold in stores.**

HAND-GIENIC, Dept. 317, 2384 W. Flagler St., Miami 35, Fla.

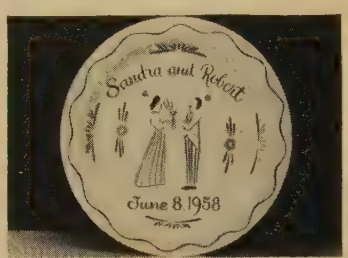
LIKE WALKING ON AIR—bouncy foam crepe soles. Over 223 sizes in stock! Choice leather, handlaced, flexible, smartly styled and quality made. Red, Smoke, Taffytan, White, Black. No extra charges for the hard-to-fit! All purchases subject to exchange or money-back. Fast delivery—COD's accepted. Factory-to-you Special Offer: $5.95 plus 50c post. **MOCCASIN-CRAFT, 58-YT Buffum St., Lynn, Mass.**



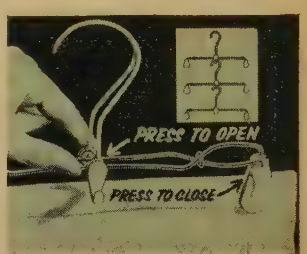
Shopping Together

Tiny Croquet—Anyone for tiny croquet? Have the family join you for a wicket game right on the table top. Solid brass miniature set is cute as a button. Good stocking stuffer, or fine party game; a must for collectors. Set of 9 wickets, 4 mallets and balls, $1. *The Added Touch, Dept. TG, Wynewood, Pa.*

Items are offered on a money-back guarantee. Please pay by check or money order.



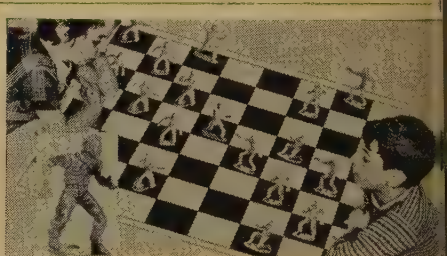
Sentimental Reminder—Flatter the newlyweds (or "longlyweds") with a commemorative plate for their wedding or anniversary. Hand painted with their first names and wedding date. 9½" china plate, decorated in pink, blue, and gold, with hanger. $3.98. *Personal House, Dept. Y-167, 95 South St., Boston 11, Mass.*



Push-Button Hanger—Designed for the space-saving age. Hangers hook together to save room. Most important garments lock in place so they don't slip. Press end buttons to lock; press center to release. No need to take hanger off rod. Specify skirt or trousers size, 69¢ ea. *Walter Drake, TO23 Drake Bldg., Colorado Springs, Colo.*

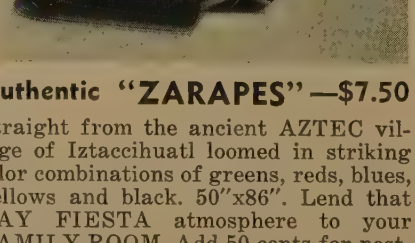
CHRISTMAS STORY WINDOW

. . . For your home . . . a radiantly beautiful "stained glass" holiday decoration. Just color translucent patterns with crayons, tape to window. Astonishing results! Panels group to fit any window. 9 designs including life size 34"x 44" Nativity scene. $2.00 ppd. Share your window; send full color matching Christmas cards — 25c each. Stained Glass Craft. P. O. Box 82-O, Waukesha, Wis.



GIANT CHECKERS - *western style*

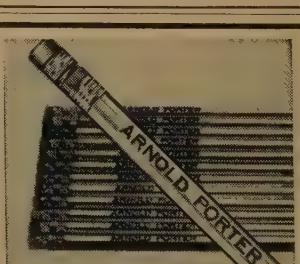
A giant-size version of the favorite game! This daring range war is staged on a huge 24"x24" plastic checkerboard with realistic Cowboy and Indian plastic figurines . . . 3" high, colorful, unbreakable. Unique wild west accessories (hats, rifles, warbonnets, tomahawks, etc.) make fascinating "western" kings. Over 50 pieces. Sure to delight! $2.00 ppd. **MOTHER HUBBARD, DEPT. WC-55, 95 SOUTH ST., BOSTON 11, MASS.**



Authentic "ZARAPES"—$7.50

Straight from the ancient AZTEC village of Iztaccihuatl loomed in striking color combinations of greens, reds, blues, yellows and black. 50"x86". Lend that GAY FIESTA atmosphere to your FAMILY ROOM. Add 50 cents for postage and packing.

LATIN VILLAGE Box J-94 Old San Diego 10, Calif.



YOUR NAME IN GOLD!

TWO DOZEN COLORFUL PENCILS

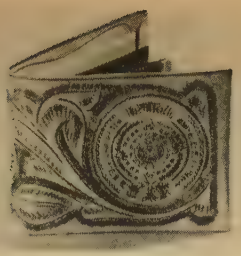
ANY NAME stamped in brilliant gold! A feather in anyone's cap to give . . . and a sure way to foil pencil snatchers. Fine quality number 2 black lead PLUS pure rubber erasers. A mark of distinction for your desk—the pride of any school child. Imagine the thrill when they see their names in gold. A gift remembered and used year 'round. Give name. Order No. 1504-X Pencils, only 98c. No C.O.D.'s. Add just 15c for Postage and Handling.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

BANCROFT'S 2170 So. Canalport Avenue, Dept. TG-998, Chicago 8, Ill.

Party Collar—Formal wear for the well-dressed dog or cat. Velvet on leather, jeweled with diamond-cut rhinestones. Velvet colors: turquoise, pink, white, gypsy red, black, royal blue. Send pet's neck girth, name. Choose Style A (top), or B (below), $3.95. Leash, $1.50.
Curtis Creations, Dept. 79, 116 Carver St., Utica, N.Y.

Terry Toga—If Dad holds forth like a Roman orator about dinky towels for bath or beach, give him this emperor-size terry toga. It's a luxurious 3x6 feet! The empress and youngsters will also love having one. White with colorful monogram. $3.98 plus 45¢ post.
Hubbard House, Dept. Y-156, 95 South St., Boston 11, Mass.



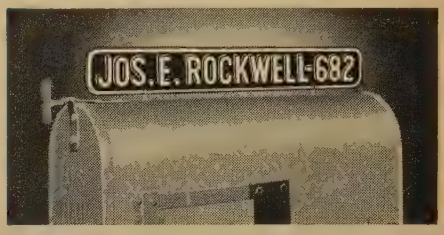
'Aztec' Billfold—For the man who foots the bill, it fits the bill as a handsome, unique accessory. Ladies like it, too. Hand-tooled in Mexico of fine, natural leather, with the famed Aztec calendar on the front; 2 bill compartments, 8 card holders. $5.75.
Latin Village, Box J-94, Old San Diego 10, Calif.

Santa Bell Ringer—The cleverest doorbell that ever raised your holiday spirits. Pull the cord and Santa raises his arms, jingling the brass bells in his hands. Your family name on his cap glows in the dark. Weather-resistant. With name, $1.64. Plain, $1.15.
Bancroft's, Dept. TG142, 2170 S. Canalport, Chicago 8, Ill.

The ORIGINAL high-fashion, "picture-window" umbrella—now in matching mother-daughter sizes. SEE-BRELLA guards safety with golden glamour. You look through not under, when rainy winds blow! Golden steel frame, gold-color binding, gleaming gold-flecked plastic handle, dress up any outfit. Strong, heavy-gauge, crystal-clear vinyl shakes dry, no soggy drip. Each has handy rain bonnet in pouch on handle chain, choice of gold initial (specify). Clearly, the gift for any woman or girl. Order the pair! Sorry, no C.O.D.'s. Satisfaction guaranteed. Gift catalog free on request.

Woman's: $4.95 The pair: $8.95
Girl's: $4.50 (Add 35¢ ea., pstg.)

Exclusively—**BRADFORD'S, INC.**
BOX 535-N1 ENGLEWOOD, N.J.



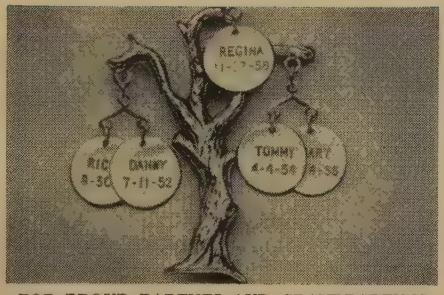
Day-n-Night Mailbox Marker $1.95

Your name (or any other wording you want, up to 17 letters and numbers) appears on both sides of your Day-n-Night Mailbox Marker—in permanent raised letters that shine bright at night! Fits any mailbox—easy to install in a minute. Rustproof—made of aluminum; baked enamel finish, black background, white letters. Your marker shipped within 48 hours. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Only $1.95 postpaid from Spear Engineering Company, 440-D Spear Bldg., Colorado Springs, Colo.

Now Johnny can learn to multiply!

Get these new *Musical Multiplication Records*—and see his marks in arithmetic go up, *quickly!* All the Multiplication Tables from 2's through 12's have been *set to music* on 5 records. Each table has its own catchy tune and musical quiz. Children love to play them. Used in thousands of schools. Parents and teachers report wonderful results. Write for free folder. Send name to—

Bremner Records, Dept. C-81, Wilmette, Ill.



FOR PROUD PARENTS AND GRANDPARENTS

Our newest heirloom! Beautifully sculptured Solid Sterling Silver brooch, 2½" high, is designed to proudly display Sterling Silver Discs—each engraved with a child's name and birthdate. Add more as family branches out. Tree holds up to 12 discs. Up to 9 letters and spaces per line. A gift to be cherished! **FAMILY TREE PIN, $2.00 ppd; EACH ENGRAVED DISC $1.00 ppd.**

MOTHER HUBBARD, Dept. Y-29
95 South St., Boston 11, Mass.

Unique Gift

Gives Pleasure All Year Long

•

EVERY MONTH A SELECTION OF UNUSUAL PLANTS or BULBS

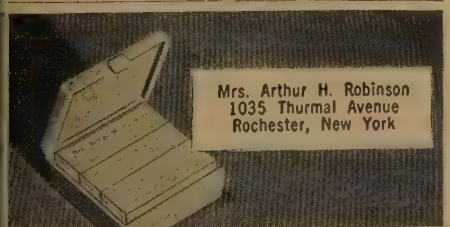
•

Membership starts with these gorgeous LILY OF THE VALLEY from Denmark. GUARANTEED to bloom in 21 days!

Join the thousands who each month look forward to the pleasure and beauty their membership brings. Unique, exotic plants and bulbs selected by experts. Many imported. ALL GUARANTEED to grow. Complete planting instructions and fascinating history of flowers. Gift cards sent in your name. SURPRISE BONUS for first 1000 new members. FULL YEAR members, Special Bonus—32 page book, "How to Grow and Bloom House Plants."

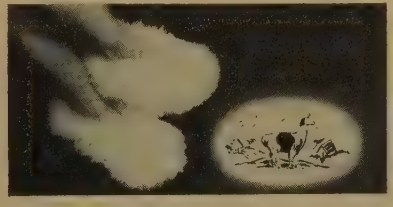
Six months membership ***$7.50***
Full Year with Bonus Book ***$13.00***

PLANT OF THE MONTH CLUB
Dept. D-15 Des Moines 4, Iowa



1000 NAME & ADDRESS LABELS $1
Any 3 Different Orders $2 ppd.

Sensational bargain! Your name and address handsomely printed on 1000 finest quality gummed labels. Padded. Packed with FREE, useful Plastic GIFT BOX. Use them on stationery, checks, books, cards, records, etc. *Beautifully printed* on finest quality gummed paper—1000 only $1. SPECIAL—SAVE MONEY! ANY 3 DIFFERENT ORDERS $2. Makes an ideal gift. If you don't agree this is the buy of the year, we'll refund your money in full. HANDY LABELS. 1234 Jasperson Bldg., Culver City, Calif.



"LLAMA" Slippers—$8.95

Direct from high in the ANDES Mountains of Peru come these luxurious slippers. Made entirely from genuine Llama skin (fur). SNOW WHITE with soothing fur insole. The PERFECT GIFT. Sizes 5 to 10.

LATIN VILLAGE Box J-94 Old San Diego 10, Calif.

and all Presbyterians and Methodists on the university's 15-member board.

In early October, 60 faculty members were on strike and 50 reportedly had resigned. It was believed that many sought more authority in university matters, while others were using this situation to air private grudges.

Students have staged protest demonstrations before the Korean Ministry of Education and the Presbyterian General Assembly.

Yonsei University is one of Korea's top four educational institutions, and one of seven in the Far East heavily supported by 15 U.S. and Canadian mission boards.

Methodist Information Expands Church-News Coverage

The Commission on Public Relations and Methodist Information of The Methodist Church has established two advisory committees to help expand news coverage of church events in the U.S. and abroad.

One group set up at the commission's organization meeting in Chicago, Ill., was an advisory committee on public-relations training which will help the local church relate itself to the community. Members include Milburn P. Akers, editor, *Chicago Sun-Times;* Walter M. Megronigle of New York, and the Rev. Theodore H. Palmquist of Washington, D.C.

A second advisory group will help plan coverage of the World Methodist Conference in Norway and the World Council of Churches Assembly in India, both in 1961. Serving on it will be the Rev. Robert D. Hill of Oakland, Calif.; Dean Burton W. Marvin of Lawrence, Kans., and Attorney Charles C. Parlin of Englewood, N.J.

Grants-in-aid were also authorized for public-relations programs.

Dr. Ralph Stoody of New York was re-elected general secretary.

CENTURY CLUB

TOGETHER's Century Club this month adds the name of another Methodist who has celebrated enough birthdays to qualify for membership. She is:

Mrs. Mary Johnson, 100, Williamsburg, Ind.

Names of other Methodists 100 or older not previously published will be listed as received from readers—but please allow two months for publication.

U.S. Stamps to Hail Gandhi

The United States will issue two commemorative postage stamps in 1961 honoring Mahatma Gandhi, the great spiritual leader who led India's struggle for freedom.

The stamps, of 4 and 8-cent denominations, will be issued on January 26, India's Republic Day holiday.

Gandhi will join such men as Ramon Magsaysay of the Philippines and Thomas Masaryk of Czechoslovakia honored as Champions of Liberty in a series of commemorative U.S. stamps.

Missions Not 'Outposts'

Discussing misconceptions of missionary motives, Dr. Dallas L. Browning, an official of the Methodist Board of Missions, told missionary officials in Buckhannon, W.Va., that The Methodist Church had not established missions in 44 countries as "outposts" of an American church.

Addressing 270 delegates to the Appalachian Missionary Conference, Dr. Browning emphasized that the role of the church is to see that these missions become churches in their own right as soon as possible.

Methodist Youth Fellowship members donate labor during annual Youth Activities Week at Hope Church, Tucson, Ariz. Because the church is small (300 members) and has no money for services taken for granted by other churches, families share in keeping up the building and grounds.

European Seminar for Youth

Youth delegates who attend the World Methodist Conference in Oslo, Norway, August 17-25, 1961, have been invited to participate in a European travel seminar sponsored by youth department of the Methodist Board of Education.

Each delegate will be responsible for his own travel expenses (about $1,250). Applications should be sent not later than December 31, 1960, to Dr. Joseph W. Bell, Youth Department, P.O. Box 871, Nashville 2, Tenn.

Set Up Office at UN

Two divisions of The Methodist Church are opening a joint office at the United Nations in New York City to maintain liaison between the UN and the church.

The office is being established by the Woman's Division of Christian Service and the Division of Peace and World Order of the Board of Christian Social Concerns.

Two full-time staff people and two administrative assistants will operate the office. They will assist Methodist groups and individuals visiting the UN, set up seminars, assist groups and individuals in scheduling speakers, and interpret UN activities to the church and church activities to UN leadership.

CAMERA CLIQUE

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us / To see oursels as others see us!"—*Robert Burns*

Ever had the problem of taking your own picture? It can be done, without mirrors, as the Rev. Ira B. Allen so capably demonstrated in photographing his burro trip from Jerusalem to Bethlehem (pages 2-3). He mounted his camera on a tripod, composed and focused each picture, then stepped into the scene. His guide snapped the shutter.

If you don't have a guide handy on family outings, use a self-timer. More expensive cameras often have them built in, but you can buy one as an accessory at any photo shop. By mounting your camera on a tripod and adjusting the timer to delay from 5 to 15 seconds, you can scoot into the field of view yourself. It's a good trick to keep in mind for next year's photographic Christmas cards!

Here are the Photo Credits for this issue:

Cover—Mrs. Mary Sisson • Pages 2, 3 & 5—Ira Allen • 6—W. Humphries • 14—Standard Studios • 21 Top—E. Torry; Bot.—Orphale De Poortere • 22 Top—*Birmingham News;* Bot.—*Kansas City Kansan* • 23 Top—The Lane Studio; Bot.—Wide World Photos • 24 Top—MacMillan, U.S. Navy; Bot.—U.S. Navy • 25—Keller, U.S. Navy • 34—Ed Maker • 48, 59 & 78—George P. Miller • 68—Welti, Zurich—Alstetten • 72 Top—Religious News Service; Bot.—Methodist Prints.

Give With the Full Heart Of the True Christmas

Think of the lasting joy, the illumination of the spirit that you can bring into the life of a shut-in, an elderly couple, a needy family, or a warm, personal friend. . . .

. . . give a whole year's worth of wholesome, inspiring, Christian reading.

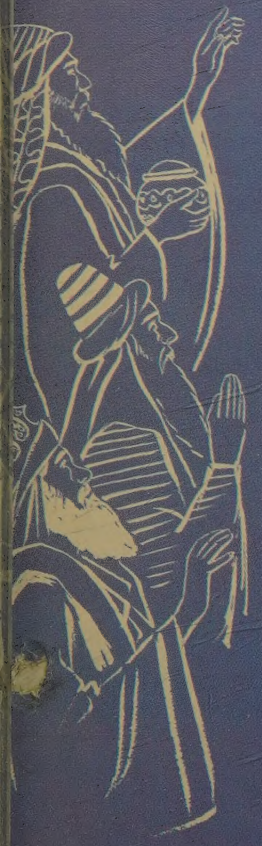
It is letters from readers like yourself that tell us of the spiritual help brought into many lives through this official family magazine of The Methodist Church.

TOGETHER magazine is written, illustrated, and edited as an important mission of The Methodist Church. As *you* know, from reading this issue, it is attractive to all ages and in all walks of life.

When you give TOGETHER you are helping to carry out the work of your own church. When you open the door to the spiritual satisfactions of Methodism you are helping your pastor carry our Christian message to the entire community.

SPECIAL RATE FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

With such giving in mind, we have set up a special Christmas subscription rate for those who wish to give more than one subscription. Give just one if that is what your budget allows, but give two, or three if you are able. One subscription is $4.00, but two are only $7.00 and three are $10.00. You couldn't spend ten dollars in a more unselfish or rewarding way at Christmas!



Each person for whom you purchase a year of TOGETHER **will receive a Christmas card** telling him or her of your gift and telling as well that *you* are the giver.

All you have to do is fill out the handy order included next to this page, fold it up so that it makes its own envelope (postage already paid), put in your check or money order for the proper amount, and drop it in the mail. We will do the rest for you.

And now, from the staff of TOGETHER, our warmest wishes to each of you for a peaceful and inspiring Christmas season!

COVER ILLUSTRATION
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Together

201 EIGHTH AVENUE, SOUTH / NASHVILLE 3, TENNESSEE

. . . THE MIDMONTH MAGAZINE FOR METHODIST FAMILIES

North American Indian Grandmother

Gentleman of Old Korea

Puerto Rican Boys

Children of Great Smoky Mountains

Rural Church in Africa

Students of Raiwind School — Pakistan

The Annuity Plan Gives You Guaranteed Sure Return, Unquestioned Safety and a Share in World-wide Missions

No other investment you can make accomplishes so much. Send today for booklet "Bright Horizons" and learn full details of the triple benefits which you enjoy under The Annuity Plan. Your income, guaranteed for life, never varies, is not affected by financial or economic conditions and is always paid on time. Your return is further increased because you enjoy a tax reduction on income and a gift deduction on a part of the principal sum.

Your principal is absolutely safe. Annuity reserves are managed in accordance with the New York State insurance laws and are kept in a segregated fund which cannot be used for any other purpose.

Missionary outreach is the true work of the church. "Go ye . . . " applies to every Christian. Recognizing this, many long to do something substantial for missions but need an income during life. The Annuity Plan provides the answer. You make the largest possible gift to the extension of the Kingdom while enjoying the greatest possible safety.

Remember The Missionary Work in Your **Will**

The aim of a good Christian is faithful stewardship. No job is well done until all done. There is risk that your stewardship may be dissipated by failure to provide for the final disposition of all your property not already invested under The Annuity Plan. You can leave your money outright for Missions or provide at your death for the purchase of Annuities to be paid to heirs during their lifetime. Get full particulars today.

Mail Coupon For **FREE** *Book*

"Bright Horizons" is a new attractive book, rich in illustrations and crammed with information on missionary work at home and abroad. Tells the whole story of The Annuity Plan. Answers all your questions. Gives you a new vision of world need and a better grasp of the broader aspects of world-wide Christian service. A helpful guide to truer, wiser stewardship. Get your copy today.

Division of World Missions and Division of National Missions of the Board of Missions of THE METHODIST CHURCH
475 Riverside Dr., New York 27, N.Y. T12-31-0

Attention of the Treasurer

Gentlemen: Please send FREE copy of beautiful new book "Bright Horizons" telling the missionary story and giving full information regarding The Annuity Plan.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

Board of Missions of The Methodist Church

Dept. T12-31-0, 475 Riverside Dr., New York 27, New York

Photographers: DON'T FORGET To Send Your Transparencies

METHODIST AMERICANA: *The Robert Strawbridge house near New Windsor, Md., is one of American Methodism's 10 official shrines. Here was formed the first Methodist society in America.*

PLANNING a short excursion over the holidays? Then don't forget to have your camera loaded for shooting! Whether you're motoring across town to Grandma's for Christmas dinner or winging across the country to be with your loved ones, *Methodist Americana* is everywhere. And this would be a fine time to scout for scenes and situations that illuminate the theme of TOGETHER's fifth reader-participation pictorial.

If time has flown for you, as it has for us, take heed that the deadline for submitting your best *Methodist Americana* transparencies is almost here—February 10, 1961. And if you're somewhat doubtful about where to look for sites that link Methodist history with the present, turn back to the November, 1959, issue of TOGETHER where you'll find many helpful tips in the *Methodist Americana Map*. (The map also is available separately—for 50¢—at your Cokesbury Book Store.) Then you're set for many exciting, make-Methodism-more-meaningful photo excursions with your family.

Later, when you've culled the very best of your pictures, lose no time in sending them on to us. We'll pay $25 for each 35-mm. transparency accepted for the pictorial, $35 for larger ones.

This is to be *your* pictorial, so read the rules, get going—and have a happy holiday!

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY:

1. Send no more than 10 color transparencies (color prints or color negatives are not eligible).
2. Identify each slide and explain why it is Methodist Americana.
3. Enclose loose stamps for return postage (do not stick stamps to anything).
4. Entries must be postmarked on or before February 10, 1961.
5. Original slides bought, and all reproduction rights to them, will become TOGETHER's property (for their files, photographers will receive duplicate of slides purchased).
6. Slides not accepted will be returned shortly after the closing date. Care will be used in handling and returning transparencies, but TOGETHER cannot be responsible for slides lost or damaged in transit.

Send to:

METHODIST AMERICANA
Together 740 NORTH RUSH ST.
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